THE CHURCHMAN.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD, THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH.—1 *Tim.* iii. 15.

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For the Churchman.

THE PARTING YEAR.

FAREWELL! I go to that shadowy land,
Where my fathers slumber—a mighty band;
I go to the years that have pass'd away,
To the ages that sleep in their silent decay,
To the buried joys, to the hopes and the fears,
That have smiled on, or darken'd the vanish'd years.

I go, and farewell to thee, dreary earth,
There's a cloud on thy joy, there's a tear in thy mirth;
For transient and faint is thy sunniest day,
And thy visions of gladness will fade away,
And the song, and the dance, and the festal, are o'er,
And the harp's wild music is heard no more.

Farewell! since I smiled in infancy's bloom,
A thousand have gone to the silent tomb;
A father weeps o'er his cherish'd son,
And a mother laments for her nursling gone;
The sailor-boy sleeps in the briny wave,
And the soldier has found an early grave.

Farewell, farewell! for the summer hours
Have faded away like the dewy flowers;
The bird has flown to a warmer clime;
The bee has forgotten her favorite thyme,
And winter is here, with his snow-wreath'd brow—
Farewell! I may not abide with ye now.

Mortals, I go to that shadowy land
Where my fathers slumber—a mighty band;
O! ever remember, to you must come
The fatal hour that will seal your doom:
Then seek that bright world where the angels dwell—
Where years have no ending—Farewell, farewell!

M.

EDUCATION.

DANCING.

THERE are few parents whose circumstances allow them to think of giving their children a complete education, that can be content with the more solid and useful branches alone. Something more is desired, in general, under the name of *accomplishments*. And those which are in common request, are modern languages, dancing, fencing, drawing, and music. How far these are admissible in a plan of a strictly religious education, presents the next question for our consideration.

And first, as respects languages. Although these are frequently classified with the mere ornaments of education, yet they ought to be reckoned amongst the solid branches, since they possess extensive utility in all the commerce of life. Language is the medium of communication between man and man. In proportion as we enlarge our knowledge of language, we enlarge our range of communication, and multiply at once our powers of social intercourse, and our channels of literary improvement. Of course, the same argument which leads the Christian to lay up all other knowledge, viz:—that *knowledge is the most effective instrument of doing good*—applies to this also; and hence the result would appear manifest, that as many of the modern languages as could be readily attained, should be acquired in the progress of education.

The second subject, the art of dancing, stands upon a very different ground. Whether it ought to be admitted as a branch of Christian education, depends on the simple inquiry, Whether it can be applied to any useful purpose in the sight of GOD. And the answer to this, does not seem very difficult to any mind, that can deliver itself up, in simplicity, to the ethics of the Gospel.

There was a time when dancing formed a part of the religious ceremonies of all nations. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, practised it in honor of their idols, and the Israelites applied it to the worship of the true GOD: for we read that Miriam, the prophetess, celebrated the praises of the LORD "with timbrels and dances." David "danced before the LORD:" and the exhortation of the Psalms, in many places, calls upon us to "praise the LORD in the dance." While our Redeemer carries forward the same idea in the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, where it is said that the "elder brother drew near to the house, and heard music and dancing." Very certain it is, therefore, that *religious* dancing possesses ample authority from the oracles of truth, and no Christian can gainsay it.

But we have no warrant for the opinion that the Church, since the coming of CHRIST, ever practised this ancient usage. And, with the exception of one small sect of modern enthusiasts, no portion of the Christian community has ever recommended the adoption of the Jewish custom. It is manifest, therefore, that the passages which we have quoted cannot be brought to bear on the present question. The species of dance authorized by the Bible, has been obsolete for nearly 2000 years; and even if it were not, yet no man can seriously believe that the dancing which is called an accomplishment in our day, has the slightest trace of a religious character.

It is said, however, to be of service in polishing the exterior,—in giving grace and elegance of manner,—in affording an innocent and healthful exercise, and a valuable recreation to the youthful portion of society; and for these reasons it is contended—aye, and sometimes by the ministers of the sanctuary themselves,—that it ought to be considered as an essential branch of a finished education. Let us briefly examine these supposed recommendations, that we may understand their real validity.

If it be true that the art of dancing gives grace and elegance of manner, what is the reason that out of the many thousands, of both sexes, who have learned it, at no small cost of time and money, there should be so very few who are at all distinguished for their polished deportment? What is the reason that the dancing masters themselves, display in general no very elevated model of gentlemanly refinement? What is the reason that when our orators, whether forensic, or parliamentary, or ministerial, exhibit their talents before the public eye, no man can distinguish the result of the elegant accomplishment in the general grace of their carriage and their gestures? What is the reason that we sometimes behold in the untaught rustic and native Indian, more real dignity and harmony of movement, than was ever produced by the art in question?

The true solution of this difficulty, appears to the author sufficiently manifest. There are peculiar dispositions to external grace, implanted in the nature of some individuals, so that they display a remarkable degree of it, under the most unfavorable kind of cultivation. And just as it would be very unfair reasoning to contend, that because a few savages are dignified and graceful, therefore, their mode of life must be best adapted for the acquisition of external dignity and grace, so is it equally unfair to argue, that because a few who have learned dancing are eminently polished in their manners, therefore dancing is an essential requisite to a gentlemanly deportment. The fact is, that the effort made in genteel society to form the manners, by parents attending to the walk, carriage, and general position of their children, and still more the imitative propensity of all, to catch the manners of those with whom they commonly associate; these are the real agents in producing the actual result. Seldom, if ever, does the dancing school polish those whose ordinary companionships are vulgar. And still more rarely shall we find those who are accustomed to refined society, deficient in the general average of that external grace which characterizes the gentleman. We dispute not that young persons ought to be taught to walk—to hold themselves erect—to perform with propriety the customary modes of salutation—and to avoid all awkwardness of gesture or position. But we are very confident that these may be acquired far better, by the general superintendence of the parent, and by mixing in due time with good society, than by the dancing school. While all beyond this, in the higher departments of personal grace, is not so much a subject for the dancer, as for the rhetorician. Happy indeed should we esteem it for the department of the graces, if the schools of dancing could be turned into schools of rhetoric. The admirers of oratory would gain almost as much in personal accomplishment as society would lose in folly.

As to the utility of dancing in affording an innocent and healthful exercise, and a valuable recreation, we deny the proposition in all its parts. We do not say what it might be, if practised only for the purpose of exercise and recreation; but we must take it as it is always practised in fact; viz. for the simple purpose of pleasure. Hence arise all those adjuncts of dress, and decoration, and festivity, and enlivening music, and gay company, which really furnish the excitement and constitute the charm. Deprive it of these, and no man need be troubled to prove its puerility. And just as it is in these things that mankind find the fascination, so is it in these that the serious and devout mind beholds the danger. We say, then, that in actual practice, the ball-room is not innocent, either as it respects the health of the body, or the health of the soul. The winter is its appropriate season; and who does not know that the change of clothing—the substantial dress of comfort, worn throughout the business of the day, cast off at night, for the light habiliments of fashion—the excessive heat of the system produced by exercise, followed by the chilling exposure to the frosty air—the late and unwholesome hours, and the exhaustion of the animal spirits, manifested by the languor and listlessness of the ensuing morning;—who does not know that these are perilous shocks to the constitution of multitudes, and do actually produce diseases which imbitter life, and often hurry the young and the lovely advocates of pleasure, to a premature grave! And who can think that the soul is not injured by an amusement which frames all its allurements in such wise as to address the passions, by every avenue of sense; which kindles personal vanity, and excites the appetite for admiration; which not unfrequently calls forth feelings of envy, spleen, and jealous competition; and sometimes produces the temptation to anger, hatred, and revenge?

We see nothing, therefore, in the arguments commonly relied on, in favor of dancing, as now practised in Christian communities. And we should exclude it from Christian education.—First, because all the advantages which it promises, in the formation of manners, and the attainment of personal grace, can be far better secured in a safer way, within the power of parents and teachers in general. Secondly, because it is a waste of time and money, and a fearful absorber of the youthful mind; leading to the premature excitement of the passions, drawing away the thoughts from all sober and useful application, and casting a shade of dulness and disgust, over the solid and serious objects of human life. Thirdly, because it is dangerous to bodily health, and to Christian morality, and utterly hostile to the influence of spiritual truth. For evident it must be to all, that there is but one path to heaven; that this must be trodden alike by ministers and people; and that if CHRIST and his apostles were again on earth, no Christian congregation could be tolerated in any recreation which might not be enjoyed in their fellowship. But what mind can contemplate the idea of associating the Redeemer or the apostles with the gay frivolity of fashion? Nay, who could endure to see the present ministers of CHRIST engaged in the follies of the ball-room? And if it be so utterly incongruous in the ministerial character, how can it be consistent in those who profess to be seeking the same holiness, and who hope to attain the same celestial kingdom of pure and spiritual bliss?

Banner of the Church.

PRACTICAL.

SUDDEN DEATH.

THE frequency of sudden death is often the subject of conversation. It would perhaps be difficult to say, whether there are more sudden deaths now than formerly. Events of this kind surprise and affect us for a moment, while similar events of preceding years are soon forgotten; but the frequency of sudden death is often mentioned by writers of former ages. GOD, in the course of his all-wise providence, has always removed some of his creatures in this unexpected manner, in order that the attention of thoughtless mortals may be more effectually roused to the consideration of their eternal concerns; and their history records many happy instances of their good effect.—*Peter Waldo*, a merchant of Lyons, in the latter part of the twelfth century, who became the instrument of promoting true religion among the people afterward called *Waldenses*, was converted to GOD by the sudden death of one of his neighbors in his presence; and the excellent *Judge Hale* became seriously religious from a similar incident.

When we consider the astonishing delicacy of the human structure, we cease to be surprised at sudden death, and are ready to wonder that it does not happen more frequently. Our life is but a vapor, and if it vanish in a moment, it is no more than may be expected. The grand improvement we ought to make of a providence so awful, is to be always ready; for in such an hour as we think not "the Son of Man cometh." If we are interested in CHRIST, by precious faith, and sanctified by the HOLY SPIRIT, we are always *habitually* ready; and it is as much our privilege and duty to walk closely with GOD, and to maintain a spiritual and watchful frame in the diligent performance of every good work, that we may also be *actually* ready. There are some advantages to be hoped for when we have notice of our dissolution; we enjoy a better opportunity of setting our houses in order, and regulating all our temporal affairs. We may also be enabled to bear our dying testimony to the truths of the Gospel: we may evince their excellence by the support and comfort we derive from them; and we may profit the souls of our surrounding relatives and friends.

On the other hand, if suddenly translated from this scene of sin and sorrow, we escape at once all the pains and agonies of slowly dissolving nature, and the horrors of dying, as it were, by inches. The tempter misses all opportunity of harassing our weak spirits with distressing doubts and fears. We feel none of the pangs of separation from our beloved relatives, dear to us as our own soul, but "we slip out of the world as a man would sometimes choose to do out of a large company, without taking a formal leave. This is to be surprised into happiness, and is more like a translation than a dissolution."

In the course of my reading, I have been often struck with the accounts we have of many faithful ministers being suddenly removed by death. It was the earnest desire of some of them; and the rest, we may suppose, generally wished not to outlive their usefulness.

ADVANCEMENT IN THE PATH OF THE JUST.

IN looking back upon the transgressions and ignorance of former periods of your life, and beholding with thankfulness a radical and entire change in your affections and your conduct, can you say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see"? Do the effects and the power of religion, as found in your conduct and experience, convince you, that the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth? Unless GOD hath shined in your hearts, to give you a knowledge of the glory of GOD in the face of JESUS CHRIST, you are in darkness until now. Look at the prevailing affections of your hearts, and see whether you are the child or the enemy of GOD. Are they spiritual and heavenly? or are they bound beyond the power of momentary liberation, to the things of time and sense! Have you any experience of the love of GOD shed abroad in your heart by the HOLY GHOST? Look at the habitual character of your external conduct, and do you manifest the mind which was in CHRIST? Not conformed to this world, but transformed in the renewing of your mind, is your conduct an illustration of the good, acceptable, and perfect will of GOD? Or are you worldly, sensual, and unrestrained, in the example which you habitually manifest before men? About such evidences as these, there can be no mistake; and if light and darkness do fairly characterize the eternally diverging paths of the righteous and the wicked, as well might light and darkness be confounded, as these paths exhibit to you the same appearances.

But while there are some of you whose hearts the LORD has visited in mercy, see that your light shine more and more. As months and years pass away, see that there is a holy and honorable improvement in your character and life. Your growth may not be rapid, though it be sure. The tree, whose increasing measure you cannot daily determine, the lapse of a year will show you to have been constantly and much enlarging itself. Be not discouraged, though your progress appear slow; wait upon the LORD, and he shall renew your strength. Maintain a habit of sincere communion with him, and he will never say to you, Seek ye my face in vain. Keep your heart steadfastly fixed upon the end of your vocation—look unto JESUS, the author and finisher of your faith. Draw daily from his living fountain, and however slow and feeble may at times appear its influx upon your soul, it shall be a well of water within you, springing up unto everlasting life. By fervent prayer, by unremitting watchfulness, and by a decided determination to avoid all known transgression; by a simple dependence upon the strength of GOD and the renewing grace of his Spirit, you will go on, conquering and to conquer, and will daily find your most formidable enemies put in subjection under your feet; and though your light shine but dimly now, the fact that it shines at all, is abundant ground for encouragement that it shall be made to shine more and more unto the perfect day. Go on, then, with persevering diligence. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." And when the terrible light of a final and resistless conviction shall, in the great and awful day, break upon those who now reject the light of the Gospel grace, and the remembrance of accumulated ingratitude and transgression—of grace rejected and love despised—shall burst like a flood upon the souls of the guilty, and sweep away their feigned excuses, their paltry pleas for sin—and no longer able to be blind, they will and must see the ruin which they have brought upon themselves, you shall lift up your heads with joy, for your redemption will have come, and the morning of a perfect day will bring unutterable rejoicing to your souls.

REV. S. H. TYNG.

VARIETIES.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

IT was already late at night on the thirty-first of December, I suppose it matters little in what year. I was still ruminating beside my study fire; the book I had been reading declined gradually to the elbow of my chair, and became an additional support to my arm, and thus, though the fact is not of very great importance to the reader, did I enjoy the deep tranquillity of that most tranquil hour. Who can tell how flows on the current of thought during that half meditative, half dreaming state of the mind, from which we start to question, sometimes, whether *we have employed* or *wasted* the time that has quietly passed us by? I need not answer that question now: whatever it was that occupied my mind at the time I speak of, was not unaccordant, methinks, with the feelings more actively awakened when the clock outside my door struck, and I counted twelve slowly reverberated sounds. Yes, there it is—the last hour of another year—a year of *existence*—of existence through cares, and fears, and hopes, and disappointments—sorrows, and sufferings, and bereavements—and, oh! far more than all—through sins, outnumbered only by mercies! But such are not the reflections I meant to transcribe on paper. Who would ask those who glanced back over the agitating record, that even *one* such year has left for their survey, to tell the contents of the page that met their eye, or the feelings with which they reviewed it? What heart would lay open to another, all that is known to itself only and its GOD? Both the secret thought of every man and the heart are deep; but the LORD trieth them both. Let not man judge his brother, nor venture to interpret things that he knoweth not of. It was only the after-thought of my mind, the questionings or imaginings it indulged, while I ruminated in the first hour of another year—it was only these I meant to note; yet why, I asked myself, as I pursued this train of thought—why should the midnight hour of the thirty-first of December excite any unusual feelings? Is it not true that

> "We take no note of time save by its flight?"

Day after day passes unmarked. Why should the ending of a year cause any emotion in the general tenor of our lives? A year; it is not so small a segment of the circle that is comprised within the threescore years and ten of man's brief existence. It is gone; and who is there that notes its departure—that notes such departures repeated and repeated, separating segment after segment from the narrow and narrowing circle of mortal life, and bringing us nearer and nearer to that unknown state of being, in which these signals of time's progress shall not be observed, because "time shall be *no more*"—no more to those with whom it has lapsed into eternity!

Perhaps such contemplations as mine should have been more concentrated, less discursive in their nature. Perhaps the ruminator in the midnight hour of the finishing year, had done better to have acted on the admonition of a poet—

> "Retire, the world shut out, thy thoughts call home,
> Imagination's airy wing repress;"

but a reflecting mind will sometimes wander far, yes, and willingly too, from itself, and in its excursive glances over and around a world like this, will find matter enough to dwell on. Even at this hour "imagination's airy wing" was *not* repressed; and, while I ruminated, it needs not to say how, on the ideas, recollections, retrospections, and feelings, conjured up by the sounding of that hour, I could not forbear asking who else was there that listened to the voice it sounded in my fanciful ear.

While gazing into the low-burning fire, I saw, methought, the brilliant rooms where the young, the gay, or unreflecting, had just danced that hour out of being, while the quickly-sounded dirge of the departed year was scarcely heard amid the sounds of revelry. Now, what a change would pass over these mirth-lighted countenances, I thought, some of which, too, may only hide, for a little while, the heart's darkness—what a change would come over them, were the voice it has to me, heard by them. "Once more has your revolving world completed its circuit; ye are one year closer to the grave than ye were on the thirty-first of last December—one year nearer the time when ye shall lie down in the dust, and leave all the pomps and vanities of this world, if they have not ere then left you." I saw, methought, the gamester, whose hand was momentarily suspended as he paused to count the strokes of that hour, and then—the dice rattled on the board. Ah, had you heard the voice it might have addressed to your heart, you had surely paused a *little* longer! "Eternity is drawing on; its interests are the stake you play for; a little time, and the last hour of your last year shall come, and then the die is cast for ever." I saw the covetous man, heaping unto himself riches, and knowing not who should gather them, while he neglected the "one pearl of great price"—the lover of this world, inquiring "who will show us any good?" and seeking it in the empty pelf of earth's fleeting treasures—and the dying note of the ending year brought to them a review of the profit and loss of the time that had passed, an anticipation of the speculations for that to come. "Oh, ye simple ones," it might have said, "how long will ye love simplicity? With all your boasted prudence and forethought, were it not wise to consider one little question—'What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' And if *this* has not entered into your calculations, you might start to hear that the sounding hour which breathes no warning to your ear, brings you, you know not *how* much nearer to the settling of that final account by which you will find what you have gained in exchange for your soul." I saw the man of science and of literature, with the sallow cheek, and the vivid eye, and the damp on his brow, and the sound of that midnight hour reached *him* in his still recess. He looked up, and partly sighed at the quick flight of time, and dived again into the laborious researches that were to make him a name upon the earth, when [illegible] mingled with its dust. His object may be attained; nor is it an ignoble one: but, would he scorn to hear that there is a wisdom not of this world, above the learning of its learned, and the wisdom of its wise ones—a wisdom that maketh wise the simple, and is rejected by the proud—that lays man's pride beneath the cross of a Saviour, and exalts man's hopes, and desires, and prospects, above and beyond the extent of earth and time? If such words were scorned by him in the pride of nature's darkness, the last hour of the year might call on him to close the studies and researches death would prove to be useless to himself, and sound a warning which wisdom would take heed to—"Prepare to meet thy GOD."

I saw the man who had *made himself* an overseer of the flock—who had taken on himself to labor in the vineyard of the LORD, but not that he might have "souls for his hire." Is his ear closed and his heart heavy, that he cannot hear and understand? "Thus saith the LORD GOD, Wo unto the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves; should not the shepherds feed the flock? The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; and they were scattered because there was no shepherd, and they became meat unto all the beasts of the field, when they were scattered. Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the LORD GOD—Behold, I am against the shepherds, and I will require my flock at their hand." And does he, that unfaithful pastor, pay no heed to the departure of years that bring him closer and closer to the time when the flock shall be required at his hands?

I saw the unwatchful Christian, too often negligent of his LORD's goods, too often improvident of his LORD's talents, too often forgetful of his LORD's coming.—But here who will speak?—Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. I saw then what should place myself on my knees.

(Dublin) Christian Examiner.

BISHOP MIDDLETON'S NEW-YEAR HYMN.

It is perhaps not generally known that the exquisite hymn which is the 51st in our collection, was written by Bishop Middleton, and by his desire, always sung in the Cathedral on New-Year's day.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
  Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
  Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved
  My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
  Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
  Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer
  That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine!
  And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
  O speed my soul to Thee!

What a lesson to us, when such a man as Bishop Middleton, literally spending and being spent in his Master's service, speaks of "time unhallowed, unimproved!" But he knew who it was that said, "When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants." LORD, let it alone this year also!—We know of no more truly touching composition than this hymn, in the whole range of our devotional poetry; and far more sadly even than now, should we distrust ourselves, could we read or hear it with an unaffected heart.—*Banner of the Church.*

THE LAST DAY.

By James Montgomery.

To every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day, and of all futurity this is the only portion of time, that can in all cases be infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and every sorrow, to every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that other may be. In the life of every adult there occur many last days. Man is ushered into the world from a source so hidden, that his very parents know him not till he appears, and he knows not himself even then. He passes rapidly through the stages of childhood, youth, maturity, old age; and to each of these there comes a last day. The transitions indeed are so gradual as to be imperceptible; no more to be remembered than the moment at which we fell asleep last night, and as little dependent on our will, as was the act of awaking this morning. Yet so distinct are those several states of progressive existence, that though all bound together by unbroken consciousness, the changes are, in reality, as entire as the separate links of one chain. In the issue comes a last day to the whole; and man is withdrawn into an abyss of eternity, as unsearchable by finite thought, as that from which he emanated at first. It has been already observed, that in the life of every adult individual there are many last days. There is a last day of the nursery, of the school, of juvenile obedience, of parental authority; there is a last day at our first home, and a last day at every other place that becomes our home in the sequel; there are last days of companionship and of rivalry, of business and of vanity; of promise and exertion, of failure and success; last days of love and friendship, enjoyment and endearment; every day in its turn is the last to all that went before it. Every year has its last day. Amidst the festivities of Christmas, arrives the close of the months, to remind us of the end of all earthly fruition. The most reprobate of men desire to die in peace; on the last night in December, therefore, we should lie down with the same dispositions, as if we were making our bed in the grave; on the first morning of January, we should rise up with the same hopes, as if the trumpet had summoned us to the resurrection of the just: *that* moment should be to us as the end of time, and *this* as the beginning of eternity. To every thing beneath the sun, there comes a last day: from this point our meditations began; at this point they must conclude. The fact cannot have been suggested to intelligent minds, without impressing upon them feelings of awe, apprehension, and humility, prompting to immediate and unsparing self-examination. From this there can be nothing to fear; from the neglect of it, every thing; for however alarming the discoveries of evil unsuspected, or peril unknown may be, such discoveries had better be made now, while escape is before us, than in that day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and escape will be impossible; that day, which, of all others, is most emphatically called, THE LAST DAY.

[illegible]

A[illegible] village of Montreux, the spire of whose Gothic church peeps over the foliage, on the mountain side, above the high road from Clarens to Chillon, I found, during the course of a long and glowing summer's evening, a return of that quiet and tranquillity of mind, which had been somewhat impaired during the varied exertions and adventures of the preceding ten or twelve days' march, and which the exterior bustle and agitation of a large town had prevented my recovering at Geneva.

There are certain scenes eminently calculated to produce or to nurse this species of calm; and it is by GOD's mercy that we are so constituted, that the mute eloquence of external objects have such influence over our spirits.

A village church-yard!—there's peace in the very sound. A retired and silent village church-yard, with its ranks of simple, unadorned memorials to the dead; a place where the mourner may weep in secret; where the burdened may pray for relief; where the thoughtless may feel himself incited to think; where the agitated spirit may become calm; and where the wanderer may retire from the hurry and distraction produced in the mind by the rapid changes of situation and circumstance, and the novel forms of men and things, to a scene where there is no novelty; and where all speaks a language known to every heart, in whatever land its ideas and affections may have been nurtured. How many have experienced its influence upon the passing humor and feeling of the hour, whether that were joy or sorrow.

The dead are of no nation. However strong and deep the lines of distinction which separate men while on the surface of the earth, all are erased for ever as soon as they are committed to the dust; where all partake of the same corruption, and await the same summons, whatever their country or their parentage, or however far separated the periods of their earthly existence. To a traveller, therefore, a church-yard may be allowed to have a peculiar charm; and, on entering the little enclosure set apart for the repose of the dead, particularly in a foreign country, where there exists the same unobtrusive simplicity in the form of sepulture with our own, he may well feel as though he were no longer in a strange land.

What place so fitting as this to open the heart, to bow the reins, and to turn to GOD; where the scene around would invite one to number the few brief days that compose the past, and to glance toward the immeasurable and incomprehensible future?

When seated on the low wall that runs round the edge of the rocky knoll, upon which the church of Montreux is perched, high upon the mountain side, my thoughts passed rapidly over the events and scenes of the journey, which might now be considered as nearly terminated; and I may surely say, I felt both thankful and humbled.

Though we may believe that the merciful providence of God is ever watchful over his creatures, during every period of their existence, yet there are certain situations, in which the interference of that providence becomes more cognizable, and more strikingly apparent. And when, after the fever of spirit and body produced by constant violent exertion had passed away, I recalled, in solitude and silence, the many moments during the preceding days, when I knew I was risking life and limb, not to speak of hidden dangers of which I was unconscious, I felt self-accusation, and inclined to ask why the providence of God had pursued me even to that moment; and why I had been preserved. Truly, God loves us better than we love ourselves.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
  In heavenly spirits, to these creatures base,
That may compassion for their evils move?
  There is;—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh, the exceeding grace
  Of highest God! who loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
  That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
  To come and succor us, that succor want!
How oft do they, with silver pinions, cleave
  The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant!
  They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward;
And their bright squadrons round about us plant:
  And all for love, and nothing for reward!
Oh, how can gracious God to man have such regard!

The Alpenstock.

THE MISSIONARY SCHWARTZ.

Is there on record a more beautiful anecdote than this which Bishop Middleton relates of that most exemplary soldier of the Cross? He was lying apparently lifeless, when Gericke, a worthy fellow-laborer in the service of the same Society, who imagined that the immortal spirit had actually taken its flight, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the favorite hymn which used to soothe and elevate him in his life-time. The verses were finished without a sign of recognition or sympathy from the still form before him: but when the last close was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death, took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with distinct and articulate utterance, and then was heard no more! How much more beautiful and touching is this than all that is fabled of the dying swan!—*Banner of the Church.*

THE GRAVE OF SCHWARTZ.

We lately gave a beautiful anecdote of the death-bed of this devoted Missionary. The following is the inscription over his grave:—"Eminently curious," says Professor Le Bas, "as being the composition of the Rajah himself, (of Tanjore) and probably the only specimen of English versification ever attempted by a prince of India."

Sacred to the Memory
of the
REV. CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SCHWARTZ,
Missionary
To the Honorable Society
For Promoting Christian Knowledge,
In London.
Who departed this life
On the 13th of February, 1798,
Aged 71 years and 4 months.

Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise,
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort,
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing, and pointing to, that which is right.
Blessing to Princes, to People, to me:
May I, my Father, be worthy of thee!
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

Maha Rajah Sarabojee, such was the name of the author of these affecting lines, was the pupil of Schwartz from 12 years of age to 24. He succeeded to the Musmud the year after Schwartz died, in 1799. "Bishop Middleton's visit to Tanjore," says his biographer, "is one of the most interesting and memorable of his journeys: for who could visit unmoved the scene of Schwartz's almost apostolic labors?—the place to which his presence formerly, and his name, at this moment, have given a sacredness, which belongs to few spots besides on the habitable globe, with the exception of those which were trodden by the very feet of the first Evangelists? And with what deep emotion must the first Anglican bishop have surveyed the schools, and the library and recess of [illegible] the cemetery, to every part and ble man has imparted such [illegible] that incompara- how unspeakably gratifying must it have been And stand in the presence of that very native prince who was won and overpowered by his glorious example of Christian excellence, who still cherishes a filial recollection of the departed saint, and to this day calls him father!"

"After dinner," says Archdeacon Robinson, in his Last Days of Bishop Heber, "the Bishop visited Schwartz's chapel, hallowed by the grave of the apostolic man, and copied the inscription on the stone which covers it." "The chapel is of the simplest order, with a semicircular recess for the altar at the East end: the tomb of Schwartz just before the reading desk in front of the altar. Before the southern entrance are the trees under which the venerable father used to sit and receive the reports of the catechists, and examine the children just before the *daily* evening service. Immediately adjoining the chapel was Schwartz's cottage." What pilgrims, and what a pilgrimage! Heber and Middleton, at the grave of Schwartz! It was at the graves of the martyrs that the early Christians were wont to renew the profession of their faith. There is no holier dust on earth than India holds. Shall there not be, when such were the first fruits, a glorious harvest? Lord, we await thy time!—*Ib.*

REV. SAMUEL BACON.

Mr. Bacon was a poor young man—educated himself against the will of his father—was an infidel, and became a Christian—and adorned his profession by a life actively and usefully devoted to the service of his Redeemer. He was an indefatigable advocate, teacher, and supporter of Sunday Schools; and while a member of the bar in York, (Pa.,) was the principal and leading agent in establishing in that county, 33 schools, containing 220 teachers, and 2,200 scholars. He afterward became a minister of the Gospel in the Episcopal Church, and terminated his useful life on the coast of Africa, in 1820, where he went as principal agent of the American government, with the first emigrants from this country.—*Southern Rel. Telegraph.*

DESCRIPTION OF MRS. FRY.

We have been to visit 'Newgate,' the scene of the truly pious and philanthropic Mrs. Fry's labors. We knew her as soon as she entered the apartment where the convicts were to assemble, from the busts and engravings we had seen of her. She is rather tall, and of robust frame, her countenance receiving its chief attraction from the piety and benignity so strikingly expressed there. We introduced ourselves to her, and were charmed with the beautiful simplicity and urbanity of her manners. She exhibited much satisfaction and interest in our account of the labors of Mr. Dwight, of our city, and the statements we were enabled to make her, of the condition of our prisons. She expressed a strong desire that such associations as she is connected with, and originated, may be extensively formed in America. She commenced by reading a chapter in Romans, to the women who had come in, and seated themselves upon benches elevated one above another, and dressed in the most perfectly clean manner. The room was nearly filled with them. Mrs. Fry transcends every other female I have ever heard in reading the Scriptures. Her voice assumed a tenderness, and most becoming solemnity—and produced an interest and impression which were irresistible. She then, in a very affectionate manner, deduced some excellent and pious remarks, from the portion read, to which the women were profoundly attentive. This apparent affection and piety, are the distinguishing characteristics of her labors among them.

Banner of the Church.

THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

President N. once preached a discourse near Schenectady, in which he set forth the intense and eternal torments of the finally impenitent. One of the modern restorationists heard the discourse, and having "an itching palm" to show his knowledge of futurity and divine dispositions, he followed the President to the house, where he took tea after the exercises of the day were closed, and introduced himself by saying to Mr. N. "Well, Sir, I have been to hear you preach, and have come here to request you to prove your doctrine." "I thought I had proved it; for I took the Bible for testimony," was the reply. "Well I do not find any thing in *my* Bible to prove that the sinner is *eternally damned*, and I do not believe any such thing." "What do you believe?" "Why, I believe that mankind will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and those that deserve punishment will be sent to hell, and remain there until the debt is paid," &c. Says Mr. N. "I have but a word to say to you; and first—for what did Christ die? And lastly—there is a straight road to heaven; but if you are determined to go round through hell to get there, I cannot help it." The man took his leave, but his mind was "ill at ease." *There is a straight road to heaven*, still rang in his ears: he went home, read his Bible attentively, and was soon convinced of and acknowledged his error; and after a suitable time, united with the followers of the Lamb.

FASTIDIOUS HEARERS.

They are guilty of despising the word of God. Oh, no! they say, far be that from us. This is a false charge. All honor be done to the word of God; we esteem it highly. Don't you hear now what we are complaining about? It is the man, and his disqualifications for his office, and his disagreeable manners.

Be that so. Yet, out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. You value the Gospel; I believe it, and you would not for any thing worship in a house where the word of God is handled deceitfully. You love sound doctrine sincerely; but you never find a preacher who can satisfy you for any length of time. There is always something wanting, and you can never get a man of the right stamp. Now suppose there is a prisoner who has forfeited his life, he is convicted, and his sentence is pronounced. The day of his execution comes, and he expects with every moment to see the door of his cell opened, and himself called to the place of execution. The door opens, and in comes a deputy from the governor, to offer him pardon and liberty. The prisoner professes to be exceedingly delighted with the message, but he very much objects to the bearer of the message. He is a man of no consequence, or he is hardly able to deliver his message in a becoming manner. Instead of rising up and getting out from his dungeon, the prisoner is all the time dwelling on the disqualifications of the deputy, and wonders why a man of more talent and higher standing has not been sent to him. He is reminded of the graciousness of the message, and his obligation to esteem and value it, and to overlook those unimportant matters. Oh yes, he replies, I know the message is valuable indeed, and I have it in all honor; but why is the pardon not printed on parchment, &c. And so he goes on, never leaving his prison, but quarrelling without cessation about the minor and unessential circumstances of the case. Another committee is sent to him; and another still, and every thing possible is done to suit his taste; but in vain. He complains, and will not be satisfied. And now, my hearers, who of you will say, that man had a realizing sense of the value of the pardon offered to him? Is not his fault-finding spirit the most decisive testimony against him, and [illegible] persuade you, while he remains in this condition, that he has any proper regard either for those who procured for him the offer of pardon, or for the offer itself? Certainly not. The application is easy. And, that the case is analogous, I appeal to your own observation and experience. Tell me whether the most devoted Christians are not the easiest to be satisfied, as it regards the manner and form in which the word of God is delivered, provided they are not positively objectionable, and injurious to the effects of divine truth. And is not each of you more likely to be pleased in proportion as you are in a devotional and humble frame? and is it not the pride of our heart, and the distraction of our mind, which lead us to nearly all the severe remarks, and the murmuring and complaining, about the exercises of the sanctuary?—*Schauffler's Sermon.*

THE ESSAYIST.

The following article, alluded to in our Editorial columns of the last week, was omitted from no fault of ours.

From the Episcopal Watchman.

RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.

Though the great increase of religious periodicals may be regarded as evidence of an increased interest in the things of religion, and may be taken by some as proof of increasing piety, as well as zeal; yet it may deserve consideration whether, on the whole, the cause of the Prince of Peace has really been advanced by the manner in which these engines are wielded. Every denomination has now its own newspaper, as well as other machinery, employed, one would judge, almost exclusively in promoting its own interest. And too often editors and writers seem to think that their cause is the better served, by how much more vigilant they are in carping at the expressions and exposing the errors or the faults of others. The newspapers have thus instructed the body of the people in the *minor* points of difference between different sects,—points of little or no value to unlearned men, and of which all, perhaps, had better have remained ignorant. One is thus taught that he and his neighbor differ in numberless particulars when he had hitherto thought they were agreed in almost all; and the intercourse of Christian charity and brotherly love is exchanged for sharp discussions upon the splitting of theological hairs. The newspaper of the week arrives, and is eagerly opened, not to look at the general state of Christ's kingdom, but to see how my neighbor is handled, or what new expression of uncharitable feelings in some other periodical, the lynx eyes of our friends have discovered. This being found, away goes the reader to this neighbor of the offending sect, to rebuke him for this offence of one of his brethren; and if the parties have by these means become sufficiently excited, the discussion may end in some *brotherly* resolution "no more to borrow nor lend." I do not know but the learned have found some improved reading of the book of the prophet; and that instead of—"I have set *watchmen upon thy walls*, O Jerusalem"—to defend thee against the common enemy of *all* religion; we should read—"I have set *tale-bearers* in the *midst of thee*"—to provoke thy children to wrath and discord among themselves. How noble and Christian-like was the expression of the Turkish commander to the Missionary, Robertson,—"if we cannot agree, *we can at least love one another!*"

Besides the increase of uncharitableness among Christians, which is occasioned by the indulgence of this temper in religious periodicals, it exalts minor things into matters of faith, of the greatest consequence; and what is worst of all, it diverts our attention both from the common enemy of our common faith, and from the millions of our fellow men who are perishing for lack of *any* knowledge of the Christian religion, in *any* of its forms. Thus the loss is all ours, and the gain is Satan's. Jerusalem could never have been captured by Titus, if her sons had not destroyed each other.

Why cannot editors and writers, by common consent, cease to employ and to take notice of harsh expressions; and when they are reviled, revile not again? I put the question to all denominations, perceiving it to be applicable to all.—Admit that the balance of this sort of trade will be largely against the paper that thus "stops payment;" perhaps, in the currency of heaven, in "shekels of the sanctuary," its wealth may be vastly increased. And if we plain and uneducated laymen *must* be instructed, *through newspapers*, in the lighter shades of difference between us and our neighbors, may it not be done without an unkind word or allusion? Tell me what our Church believes, and requires, even to the minutest particular, if you please; instruct me in every objection which may be brought against her faith or her practice, and furnish me with a conclusive answer to each; and I will vindicate her, by my life and conversation; yea, by arguments, when expedient, yet "with meekness and fear;"—but do not let me know that some one has railed against her, lest I be excited to hate my neighbor, and thus both wound my own soul, and disgrace the cause I ought to adore.

Pacificus.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

AN INQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.

Do we not, perhaps, err very much in our own conception of the heavenly state, as distinguished from the state of those who obey God in this world? We are apt to imagine it a state of blessedness *so* different from that to be found here, as not to allow any *real* comparison. Or, what is equally worthy of consideration, do we not probably attach undue importance to the change of circumstances, that will take place when we exchange this world for heaven? It is impossible to determine, what that change will be; but, are we not safe in saying, it cannot constitute the *main* difference between the state of a worldly-minded professor of religion and a redeemed saint in glory? Does not the separation between the inhabitants of heaven and hell, essentially take place in this world? Are not the chief elements of heaven already in each Christian's possession? It seems impossible that any change of circumstances should affect an intelligent being in a degree at all to be compared with the change that takes place when a sinner passes "from death to life." It is doubtless true that heaven is a much happier place than earth, because more of God's glory *is seen*. But is not the earth ever full of His glory? May not the follower of Christ see it? May he not be ravished by his views of this glory? Is he not often thus transported? All the conceivable natural perfections of God are displayed in this world, and so are all his moral glories. Men are in His image as far as they are holy, and of course, may conceive, though faintly, all the divine beauties of their Maker. Their conceptions will be more adequate in heaven, but cannot be essentially different from the present.

We expect more full enjoyment from union to Christ in heaven. But are we not united to him here, if true believers? Do we not taste this same kind of bliss, that is there expected in all its fulness? May not its degree, even here, be such as to warrant almost as strong expressions as any found in Scripture referring to heavenly bliss? Is not his favor already life, and light, and music, and paradisal fruits? Are not believers already clothed in fine linen, the righteousness of the saints? Have they not received their golden harps? In heaven they will have all these things in more perfection, but not wholly novel and different from any thing now enjoyed.

Is the service of God to form an essential part of the heavenly bliss! We may serve Him here. Believers do serve Him. They rejoice to do so. They already find this a sweet portion of their cup of bliss. Indeed, they are required to serve God with all their *might, and mind, and strength*, and consequently to avail themselves largely of the bliss found in such a course of life.

In heaven God will be our father and friend. But is he not so here? Does not the Christian feel His presence and experience His rich favors? Is he not an adopted son in his heavenly Father's family? True he remains at some distance from home, but he has in mind the chiefest blessings of his Father's house.

The sentiments here advanced are not designed to bring down the idea of heaven, but to make the impression, that we are not to defer all our heavenly enjoyments till after death. The apostle Paul speaks of *heavenly places*, (or things) in Christ Jesus, as a part of the believer's present blessings. This is a matter of great practical importance; for if holiness and happiness are so connected, that union to Christ and growth in grace introduce us to heavenly joys, we can only defer those joys by relinquishing, or never gaining a title of them in future. Multitudes are now expecting to enter heaven, who would be undeceived by knowing that its chief joys make a part of the present experience of the true Christian. While the joys of heaven are supposed essentially different from those of holy living in this world, men may continue in sin, still hoping for eternal life; but if the case be well understood, they will relinquish their hope of heaven, or else seek its enjoyments in their present state of existence. To seek those enjoyments is to become holy, hence correct views of this subject are of immense practical consequence. Our progress in the divine life, depends, in a very considerable degree, upon our view of this very subject, though it may seem remote from common attention. To the writer, it seems to deserve more consideration than is often bestowed upon it, if he may judge from his own observation upon Christian men and writings. To some persons it may seem idle speculation, and perhaps all inquiries respecting heaven may with them fare in the same manner. Their apathy, however, can only have a moment's duration. A mere point of time separates them from *realities*, which they will in vain wish to exchange for even the most distant hope of heaven.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHURCHMAN:—MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

Messrs. Editors:—To the establishment of your valuable paper the Church is indebted, under God, for much of the interest and zeal which has been awakened in regard to her institutions, her welfare, and prosperity; and the extension of her blessings to the hitherto destitute parts of our diocese; and we may yet confidently hope to witness its usefulness in arousing the attention of her members, and enlisting their energies in operations far more widely extended. I trust there are many who hail its weekly visits with pleasure, and feel grateful for the privilege they enjoy of being made acquainted, through its medium, with the success of the blessed Gospel among those to whom perhaps their aid has contributed to proclaim it, and of the wants of those parts of our country, and of distant lands, where the news of salvation has not yet been announced. Hitherto, the occasional visit of some devoted herald of the cross, fresh from the field of his labors, with a heart pained with the scenes of spiritual destitution he has witnessed, and endeavored to alleviate, has afforded us a limited knowledge of the value of missionary operations—or the columns of a Christian journal sustained by some sister diocese, in this respect more favored than our own, has further increased that knowledge, and given us some intimation of a sphere of usefulness and duty, where the warmest sympathies of the Christian heart might be fully and usefully exercised. But the blessing has now come home to us; and the truly pious and zealous Christian may now come into the sanctuary of God on the Sabbath, and, with his heart filled with gratitude for that Gospel of whose triumphs he has just been reading, and with an anxious wish that its blessings may be extended to those whose wants have but recently been made known to him, he may lift up his heart to the hearer of prayer, and with more feeling than the words have ever before inspired, utter in faith and prayer, "Thy kingdom come." It is not the cause of missions alone that is aided by the circulation of the Churchman, but the various institutions of our Church may here exhibit the success attending their exertions, and appeal to the followers of our Redeemer, to give evidence of their attachment to their Divine Master, by devoting their time, their talents, and their means, to advancing the glory of his kingdom. My remarks have been induced from observing the rapidity with which the cause of the Green Bay and City missions have advanced, and the increased interest which is manifestly felt, not only in these, but in other important operations originated in our Church, owing in a great degree, I am persuaded, to the agency of your paper. There is, however, a subject of increasing interest, whose claims to attention have been urged but recently in your columns, which I earnestly hope may be so presented to the notice of your readers, as to lead to prompt, vigorous, and efficient action. I refer to the subject of ministerial education, which I am happy to find has found so zealous an advocate as your correspondent "M.;" and I cannot but regret that his earnest appeal to Churchmen in its favor, followed by so efficient a plan of operation as he proposes, should have failed to attract the notice and enlist the active co-operation of all your readers. By some I find it has passed unnoticed, and others are waiting until some movement shall be made which may direct them to the point where their assistance may, in their opinion, be more effectually rendered. To the former class, I would say, if you have preserved the 34th number of the Churchman, read and study attentively the article by "M." on ministerial education; and if it is found to be worthy of your consideration, and a subject of sufficient importance to awake *one* effort, in the name and for the cause of your Master, I would urge you to make that effort; and to those who have given the subject and the plan their approval, but are yet waiting for some further incentive to action, what *can* be said? They are waiting—waiting for what? till the Church, by one simultaneous movement of her members, shall give being and action to this glorious project? Have such ever been the means by which the cause of our holy religion has been advanced? Is the Church always alive and awake to the first glimmering of light that is thrown upon the path of usefulness and duty? Or how often does it happen that the voice of the watchman upon the walls of Zion, is heard long and loud, before the soldiers of the cross are found in their panoply of preparation and defence. It seems to be forgotten that we have an individual duty to perform; and we hear much of what is doing by and in the Church, from the lips of those who by profession only are recognised as her members, but who feel not that to each is given his respective share of duty, and who have never yet learned how blessed is the privilege thus to be made a co-worker with God. But I am encouraged to hope, Messrs. Editors, that the period has arrived, when this subject may be pressed upon the consideration of Churchmen with more prospect of success. A movement has been made; and it is to your paper we are indebted for the information, that a society has been formed in Grace Church, and that a constitution is being prepared, with especial reference to a Board of Ministerial Education, with which this and other existing societies, may ultimately be connected. I hope that when this constitution shall have been adopted, it may be submitted to your readers, and I trust that such an impulse will be given, as may lead to the accomplishment of the ardent wishes of "M." I would particularly call the attention of your readers to the articles of "M." and "R." in your paper of the 17th instant,—in the former to the statement from the report of the American Education Society, and the remarks following it; and in the latter to the interesting account of the devotedness of the young mechanic. To such facts, can any remain insensible, who profess to love their Saviour, and who have so recently commemorated his advent in the world, "for us men and our salvation?" Have they done all they can for his cause and the glory of his kingdom? Let them remember that a second advent is approaching, when their Master himself shall ask this question.

S. K. T.

THE RELATIVE DUTIES OF MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS.

To the Editors of the Churchman:—

There is a subject of deep and vital importance to the best interests of religion, which has hitherto escaped the attention of your correspondents, and which, although feeling my inadequacy for the task, I venture to submit to the serious consideration of your readers. The subject to which I allude, is the relative duties of ministers and congregations.

Church government in this country, being based on the free institutions under which it is our privilege to live, has left much of the internal management of congregations solely to the governance of ministers and people; and doubtless this authority, when used with discretion, is the most desirable form of ecclesiastical polity. But there are evils arising from this free exercise of their rights, which require the utmost caution and prudence to avoid. The entire dependence, in most cases, of pastors upon their congregations, make them at times too subservient to the will of a majority of their charge, and I fear not unfrequently at the sacrifice of their better judgment; while congregations are liable to injury by the sudden deprivation of a valuable minister, who, exercising his freedom of action, separates himself from his flock, and removes to another Church.

These are the prominent evils in our present form of Church government, and I sincerely believe that were the duties of people and ministers more generally studied, the evils would be shorn of much of their present effects. Did congregations justly estimate the sacred profession of a minister of the Gospel, they surely would in no instance, degrade the character of a pastor, by exacting a servile obedience to their capricious will; nor would the relative connexion they stand in, be ever held in the light of mere duties rendered for money paid. No! the sincere ambassador of Christ, comes to us invested with higher claims; his services cannot be remunerated by the simple payment of his regulated stipend; he demands our warmest interests in his welfare—our choicest blessings, for the imperishable good it is his province to furnish us—our sincere and unqualified respect. His infirmities claim our sympathy, knowing that he labors under the common passions of our nature. No busy scandal, "trumpet tongued," should blazon forth his faults, if such exist, but with Christian charity, let expostulation be resorted to by the aged and experienced of his flock. Let his public ministrations be attended to with *reverence*—not as the efforts of an orator, seeking only the gratification of our senses.—The critic's sneer, or the admirer's enthusiasm, are equally misplaced, when applied to the services of the sanctuary; where either are common in a congregation, there is much reason to doubt of the existence, or to fear for the stability, of pure religion. And lastly, let it ever be borne in mind, that the sincere minister of our holy faith, is a "*Christian gentleman*," and in all our intercourse with him, deserves the treatment so exalted a character demands.

I will not, as a layman, presume to teach those from whom I am content to be instructed; but I would suggest to ministers the importance of a friendly intercourse with their people; they know not how powerful an auxiliary it becomes in the hands of a pious and intelligent pastor; and I would in conclusion say—do not quit your congregations, without the most substantial reasons. Religion is deeply injured by changes of this nature, even when upon good and sufficient cause, so long as that cause cannot be fully made public; and the clerical character suffers in the estimation of the many, who will not separate their estimate of the man, from that which it leads them to form of his profession.

A Layman.

For the Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,—"Hæsitator," in your last number, asks several *Questions* in regard to the Greek Mission. I request you to insert the following *Answers.*

It should be carefully borne in mind, that the missionaries in Greece are *not* endeavoring "to make converts to the Protestant Episcopal from the Greek" Church, but to *reform the errors*, to do away the *superstitions* which have corrupted this member of the Holy Catholic Church. They do not wish to sever the limb from the body, like a rash and inexperienced surgeon, but to restore its original soundness, like a wise and prudent physician.

The great difference, at present, between attempting to reform the errors of the Greek Church and those of the Roman Catholic, and others, is this; the first is *highly practicable*—the last, *impossible;* a good reason for not making "proselytes under the very eye of the Pope," and for not sending "missionaries among the Congregationalists of New-England."

"Where is the proof," says Hæsitator, "that the 'Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons, of the Greek Church,' have 'invited' the Society to send missionaries to preach among them?"—Witness the following extracts from a journal in Greece.

Argos, Feb. 17, 1831.—We saw and here spoke with the Archbishop, or Δεσπότης, of Argos. He is one of the five Bishops who led on the Greeks to battle, and spoke with joy of the freedom of his country, of her rising schools, prevented only by poverty. "I hope with time," he said, "*by learning from the Americans, who are our models*, we shall become a worthy people." At Sideio Kastio, a common laborer asked me to come and bring them books, &c.

The priests often said, "We are ignorant—you must come and teach us." The common people and shepherds wished us to come and instruct them—"for you explain the Gospel better than our priests." The Greeks said, "Come, teach us." The cry to the apostle from Macedonia was, "Come over and help us"—in my mind, there is a striking analogy.

More than 300 of the 10,000 children are now receiving instruction; and as two missionaries can hardly teach the 10,000, "the remainder is withheld" till the Protestant Episcopal Church is willing to follow the Divine command, and wait for the Divine promise—"Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after *many* days."

"The fountains from whence the Greek mission is supplied," will be "unfailing, like the widow's cruse of oil," when we have faith like that of the widow's faith to obey the command of Jesus—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I hope Hæsitator will assent to the truth contained in the above answers: though not from "A Subscriber;" they are from

An Eye Witness.

For the Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,—An article of yours in the last Churchman, has produced in the minds of some, the erroneous impression, that the resignation by the Rev. Mr. Hawks of the Rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, took place under the sanction of the concurrence and approbation of the Bishop. Please correct the error by stating the fact that the Bishop knew nothing of the contemplated resignation until it had taken place. After it had been sent in, he approved of it, as, in his estimation, a proper measure, under the circumstances of the case, as understood by him.

T.

When the period shall arrive when our hearts shall expand with generous compassion toward those who yet "sit in darkness," and with affectionate sympathy for those on whom Gospel light has dawned, but who are destitute of its ministrations, when but to *know* the spiritual wants of our fellow men will be to stretch forth the hand to their aid, *then* will our Church become prosperous. When her sons imbibe the *true spirit* of her doctrines, liturgy, and offices, which is emphatically a Missionary spirit, inasmuch as it is that of apostles and prophets and of Jesus Christ himself, *then* will she shine forth in all her glory—the channel of heavenly grace and Divine benediction, of sanctifying mercy and redeeming love. Through her, multitudes will be fed with the bread of life, and none shall return from her sacred portals unclothed with the wedding garment, and unfed with the holy feast. The love of souls should indeed pervade the bosom of every Christian. It is the highest and purest of the social affections. It binds heart to heart, and nation to nation, with a delightful and enduring bond. It is the fruit of the Spirit. It is the love of God shed abroad in the heart.

Episc. Watchman.

Imperfect in original

THE CHURCHMAN.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1831.

Two dollars and fifty cents, payable in advance, will be the price per annum of subscription to this paper, from and after the first of January, 1832. It is hoped that the assurances which led to this change in our *terms,* will be realized, in large accessions to our subscription list.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE BISHOP, FOR CONFIRMATION.—January 1st, St. Mark's Church; 8th, Christ Church; 22d, Grace Church; 29th, St. George's Church; February 5th, Zion Church; 19th, St. Luke's Church; 26th, All Saints' Church; March 4th, St. Clement's Church; 11th, St. Philip's Church; 18th, Mission Church of the Holy Evangelists; 25th, St. Thomas' Church.

SEASONS.—Selections peculiarly fitted for the improvement of the present, will be found on our first page. They are better than we could have offered, and we are content to add to them a very little. To a single point we beg to direct most serious consideration. It is the idle fancy entertained most widely, that in the commencement of an era there is some magic influence to be relied upon as auxiliary to the reformation of character and life! The fruits of this fatal error are, continued procrastination in the assignment of new periods for the commencement of reform; the confirmation of ill habits, by continuance in them after conviction of our danger; and, at last, the utter and benumbing disappointment of the cherished expectation.

Deep blindness of the heart, which dares *postpone,* for a single moment, efforts for escape from irremediable ruin, is the least fearful of the marks of character which the indulgence of this sentiment betrays. Utter forgetfulness or ignorance of GOD, the source of all moral fortitude,—a fearful practical atheism,—is most clearly fixed upon its subject. There is no charm in seasons, to win to holiness the soul that is in love with error; to fix the wavering, and to give energy and steadfast resolution to the weak. Profitable indeed they are, but it is only as their recurrence awakens attention; secures a pause in our career; and leads us where convictions of sin and danger should ALWAYS lead—to self-scrutiny, the Word of GOD, and prayer!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A 'Friend to our Paper' is informed, with thanks for his good will, that our appropriate selections were already in type when his communication was received.

STANDARD WORKS.—Our excellent, but sometimes *rather* hasty brother of the 'Banner of the Church,' is requested to read with a little more care the advertisements of the Press. *Volume Fourth* of the Standard Works is not only not published some six or eight weeks agone, but is actually not yet in existence, either in sheets or manuscript. For this disappointment of subscribers the *Editor* is *solely* responsible. His reasons have been given in the advertisement to *Volume Third.* We are highly gratified at the coincidence of our respected brother's judgment with our own, concerning the character and fit materials of the series. '*Walton's Lives,*' he *will* learn with pleasure, are already half in print, accompanied with a selection from Zouch's Notes, as the *Eleventh* Volume of the "Parish Library."

PARISH LIBRARY.

THIS, now, is what we like. The plan is excellent—worthy of the "Protestant Episcopal Press." And the name,—there *is* something in a name!—we like that too. It is short, comprehensive, pregnant with good associations—just the thing. May this series of volumes be the nucleus in every parish of our Church of a right, genuine, old-fashioned "PARISH LIBRARY!" The book reprinted as Vol. X., "Piety without Asceticism, or the Protestant Kempis," by Bp. Jebb, of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, is indeed "a precious volume"—a gem, or rather a mine of gems. We speak from knowledge—not *via* New-York, for our orders to Liverpool often receive earlier answers than those to our own commercial emporium—but from diligent, delighted, and we hope, profitable use of an English copy, ordered by us on its first appearance, and sent, with an accompanying recommendation, by that most competent judge, the Rev. T. H. Horne. We have, from the first sight of it, desired its republication; and though it may be midsummer before our eyes see it, we hear of it through the "Churchman," and are glad. Volume IV. of the "Standard Works," so called, has been out of press, as we learn through the same channel, some six or eight weeks, and we, though subscribers on the wholesale list, have not yet seen it, and must count upon it, we suppose, for summer reading. Is there a great "Serbonian bog" between the Press and us? Or are we thought to be too far *east* to need the light? Will the "Churchman" tell us?*

If it should not be too bold, we would suggest,—meaning, when we have seen the published volumes, to notice them in order,—the following, as proper candidates for the "Parish Library:"—Walton's invaluable Lives, Bishop Horne's delightful Commentary on the Psalms, Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, Buchanan's Christian Researches, not omitting, "as the manner of some is," the account of the Syrian Church, Stowell's Life of good Bishop Wilson, Bishop Porteus on St. Matthew, Bishop Blomfield on the Acts,—and many others which we have not time to mention. The Press, in opening thus, to the general use, the pure, refreshing fountains of the Church of England Theology, deserves and will receive the gratitude and confidence of all who love the truth.

We, too, are glad in being able to introduce into our columns not only the above, but the warm recommendations, which will be found under the head of Summary, of some two or three works, which, though they had not all gone to press when the Manchester left Liverpool on her last passage, have *yet* reached Boston, nay, even the table of the good Editors of the 'Banner,' and have been promptly read, approved, and recommended.

PARISH LIBRARIES.—During the past week orders have been received for sets of our Series—to be continued regularly as the volumes appear, from distant Missionaries; and a 'Country Parson' has just assured us that he has commenced the foundation of a Library in his Parish, by calling upon his people to contribute to a fund for that purpose. Should this course be generally adopted, and by each parish a sum advanced to the Press, yearly, equal to the price of the 12 proposed annual volumes, then and *then only,* we fear, will the Institution be able to accomplish this most desirable, and we may say, magnificent undertaking.

THE CHURCHMAN was originated for the very purposes which we are assured by our correspondent S. K. T. that its publication has realized. To secure these, in some good degree, the Press have been willing to continue its issual at a positive *loss,* and its Editors gratuitously and cheerfully to render *their* services. Each subscriber, it is presumed, has, in becoming such, expressed his solicitude in the same cause. May it not—ought it not, then, to be expected, that each will, in his sphere of influence, exert himself to *extend its circulation?* If the paper is very useful, in giving an impulse and support to benevolent effort within the Church, while it has numbered only 1100 subscribers—is it not a duty to *multiply* this result, by multiplying the number of its patrons and readers? Surely the Press will not be suffered to receive loss, by their efforts to do good, within the Church! We cannot doubt that all their judicious undertakings will ever meet with a due appreciation, and an adequate support: and in this confidence we urge upon the friends of the Churchman, the duty of endeavoring to increase its circulation;—we ask of *each* subscriber an effort to add at least one name to our list.

A HINT.—The present number contains the last insertion of an advertisement, offering a Church edifice, in Orchard-street, for sale. The passing week has brought us acquainted with one who, schooled by a long apprenticeship to deeds of unpretending charity, and blessed with eminent success in his past humble labors, is willing to serve the City-Mission Society as a Sunday and evening lecturer *gratuitously,* while supported by his own exertions in another line.

There *are* individuals among the Episcopalians of New-York who, if *they* knew it, are *able,* singlehanded, to make the Church of GOD, and 'the poor of this world,' A CHRISTMAS GIFT, of a second house for free worship according to our primitive services. We know not whether our pages ever meet the eye of any such. They may. If they should—will our fellow-immortal devote one half hour to reflection upon the consequences, here and THROUGH ETERNITY, which would attend such a deed? and to the relative position which those who having the means, have not the heart to bestow them, must assume, at the day of judgment, to the individual who is ready to give all the time he can call his own.

THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.—It is with much pleasure that we observe, among a considerable assortment of judiciously selected London books, just added to this large collection, the noble edition of Jeremy Taylor's Works, by Heber, Todd's Life of Archbishop Cranmer, Bliss' (the last and best) edition of Woods' Athenæ Oxonienses, Sharon Turner's History of England, Pepys' Correspondence, &c. &c. Churchmen, of all others, ought to be most ready to encourage the collection for public use of such valuable historical materials; for, next to Scriptural argument, it is by *historical research* that our primitive and apostolical principles and usages are to be supported and propagated.

AMERICAN PULPIT.—The following extracts from the last numbers of this work were in type for our last number. They will be found fully to justify the remarks we then made.

THE FORM AND POWER OF GODLINESS.

"WE do possess, in the constitution of our Church, in her articles of faith, and in her system of worship—scriptural, primitive, and evangelical, a form of godliness of surpassing excellence. Our privileges—our advantages in these respects are undoubted. But are we in zeal, in holiness, in Christian exertion, what they ought to be, who possess a form so spiritual and perfect? We entertain no doubt of its value, of its unrivalled beauty and excellence, and of its claims to universal acceptance; but are we practically acquainted with its spirit, and willing subjects of its power? Have our hearts been warmed, and quickened, and sanctified in its use? Practically, we deny its power, if in one case, this have not been its effect. Let the question then be put directly, have we, in its use, been spiritually benefitted? Has it helped to sustain us in our outward course toward the kingdom of heaven? Have we no reason to fear, that in the use of our form of godliness, we are justly chargeable with lukewarmness and formality? What is our sense of responsibility, when we join in our solemn religious services? Are we actuated by an ardent desire to blend the outward emblems with the spirit which they denote? My dear brethren, what is the answer, which we, individually, and collectively, are able to give to these questions? Alas! how far are we from that love of GOD; that fervor of religious feeling; that devotion to the service of GOD; and that spirituality of mind, which ought to pervade the souls and to be manifested in the lives of those who are blessed with the spiritual privileges, which we as Churchmen possess. Present the subject to yourselves in its different relations; contrast your form—your privileges, with your feelings—your spirituality—your practice. Examine your claim to the acceptance of GOD—your title to receive his spiritual mercies. Have you any reasonable ground to hope for present, and future justification? Oh, deceive not yourselves. Trust not, I beseech you, my beloved brethren, in the mere outward acknowledgment of JESUS CHRIST as your Saviour—rest not in the mere use of your primitive and evangelical forms of religion. Oh, do not practically deny their power—hold not, I entreat you, the form without the substance. Be spiritually minded, and remain not satisfied with yourselves for one hour, if in our public devotions, and religious solemnities, your hearts are not kindled into fervor; and you do not enjoy the hope, and peace, and consolation which the Gospel promises to spiritual worshippers."

"The inventions of men have often changed the system of Christian faith, and the worship and organization of the Christian Church. In the nature of things, there can be but one which we are bound to adopt—for the very obvious reason, that the Scriptures contain the delineation of only one. But even in this age, they are constantly multiplying, and now are so extravagant or absurd, as not to gain adherents. They are, however, for the most part, the offspring of religious excitement, and men decide to embrace them on the ground of feeling. The heart, so desperately wicked and deceitful, furnishes their only logic.

"The Church of which we are members, more than any other, possesses the character of permanence and stability. Her form is not calculated to produce, nor does she desire periodical, mechanical, and tumultuous excitement. But her services are calculated to warm, and animate the devotional affections; and to cherish a spirit of uniform, rational, and sublime piety. Their pure, spiritual and evangelical nature are equally removed from the heresy and fanaticism—the rational, and mechanical systems by which men would advance the cause of religion. She claims attachment and communion, on the best of all grounds,—on the ground of principle—not on the ground of uncertain, undefined, and ever varying feeling excited in the heart; but on the ground of divine institution, and divine appointment. On no other ground ought our religious association to be determined, and on no other can it ever be determined with safety. What is the will of GOD should be our only inquiry; and that clearly ascertained should be our will, and our choice.

THE WAY OF ACCEPTANCE.

"Sacrifices and burnt offerings, in their own nature, however numerous or valuable they may be, are of no avail,—repentance, though deep and agonizing, cannot, by any virtue it possesses in itself, change the desert of former crimes; and obedience, to give sanction to any claims of approbation and reward, must be distinguished, not only for its sincerity, but also for its constancy and its perfection. Where, then, is the hope of the fallen transgressor? Where is that foundation of security upon which he may rest for the salvation of his soul? To what system, and to what object can he look for the provision and the ability which may shield him from the penalty and the curse denounced upon every offender, and make easy his entrance into the abodes of life everlasting? 'BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD THAT TAKETH AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD!'

"Here, blessed be GOD, we are made acquainted with an offering which is sufficient for all our necessities. In the sacrifice that was consummated upon the cross, we may find a remedy for all our spiritual diseases—a sure method of deliverance from every evil to which our wickedness has exposed us."

THE "GRACE OF GOD WHICH BRINGETH SALVATION."

"This illuminating grace is not like the lightning, which casts a momentary glare across the path of a midnight traveller, revealing for an instant, the brow of a precipice before him, merely to render the more terrific the darkness in which it leaves him. But, like the increasing power of the morning sun, it leads him with thankfulness and confidence to a day of peace. Again it shines upon the blood-stained cross of JESUS, and shows that, by an inestimable sacrifice, the ransom has been paid; upon the great Mediator, standing before the throne of GOD, and convinces that there is one able to save unto the uttermost, all who come unto Him; upon a heavenly crown, brilliant with gems of eternal righteousness and peace, and fills the new-born soul with a longing wish, that he had the wings of a dove, that he might flee away and be at rest. It shines upon the face of JESUS CHRIST, and as from an unerring mirror, its reflexions upon the heart of the penitent sinner, are mercy, and peace, and hope, and assurance for ever. Thus, for his own comfort and security, does the grace of GOD come upon the sinner's soul, like a shining light."

TROY is part and parcel of the State of New-York, and as such, should, as well its munificence entitles it to, share in the credit taken in our last for contributions to the funds of our Sunday School Union. We say this in reply to a charge of having forgotten the large and timely donations of Churchmen at Troy, to the object just named.

LITERARY.

Harper's Family Library, No. xxv[illegible] *Brewster's Life of Newton.*—We embrace with pleasure the first opportunity to say a good word of this neat, readable, saleable, (alas! that we cannot say useful!) collection. Until now we have seen no reason to retract a syllable of the charges against "The Family Library," *as such,* formerly admitted into our columns. But we are happy to recommend *one* work in the series, as not only wholly unexceptionable, but highly valuable, in every point of view—as a repository of general instruction, of scientific knowledge, and of pure amusement; the whole, moreover, having a decidedly correct religious tone. The history of one of the greatest of our race, is handled by a writer who understood his subject, and has done it justice.

The London November periodicals announce as forthcoming, "*A History of Christ's Hospital,* from its foundation by King Edward VI., with a full account of the plan of education, the internal economy of the institution, and memoirs of eminent Blues: introduced by a narrative of the rise, progress, and suppression of the convent of the grey friars in London, by the Rev. William Trollope, M. A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and one of the classical masters of Christ's Hospital." Those of our readers who remember the terms in which this venerable institution was spoken of by Bishop Middleton, (who was educated there) and by his biographer, in an article inserted not long since, will be prepared to expect no ordinary amount of interesting information in its history.

ZEUNER'S CHURCH MUSIC.—Mr Zeuner's "new and original collection of Anthems, Motets, and Chants, for public worship," seems to be in excellent accordance with the season, when the inspiring services of the Church especially call upon us to "rejoice even with joy and singing,"—"making melody in our hearts to the LORD." We believe that it will be found deserving of the high professional reputation of the composer, and though abundantly scientific, not too much so to interfere with its popularity. It appears to us to contain such a rich and copious variety of the best ecclesiastical harmonies as will not be speedily superseded.—*Banner of the Church.*

DELIVERY OF OUR LAST NUMBER.—The illness of the person who carries our paper in the lower part of the city, has, we fear, prevented many of our subscribers in his route from receiving the last number. Deficiencies will be promptly supplied whenever reported at the office of the Press.

SUBSCRIBERS.—A new one sends us "three dollars, which pays my subscription and postage!" This is *right.*

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.—The following Circular, prepared by the Committee of Publication and Sales of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, it is expected will be placed in the pews of our city churches.

The Children's Magazine is published by the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, at the Press Buildings, No. 46 Lumber-street. It will be furnished to the children of the congregation, who may subscribe for it, on the first Sunday of every month, after public worship, at the Vestry-room.

The subscription money is to be paid to the sexton, in advance, on the delivery of the first number.

The First Number of the next volume will be delivered on this day, January 1, 1832.

TERMS.—The Magazine is published once a month,—it is of the size of the Catechism. Each number contains 24 pages, and at least two wood engravings. Price, 25 cents a year, to be paid when the first number is delivered.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Magazine is warmly recommended by the Bishops of our Church, and all the Clergy of New-York and Brooklyn.

⁂ Should you think proper to introduce the work into your family, please affix to this your *name,* and the *number of copies* you will receive.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 24th instant, at the residence of Henry Rogers, Esq., John Smith Rogers, Jun., aged 7 years, eldest son of Dr. J. Smith Rogers, Professor of Chemistry, &c., in Washington College, Hartford, Conn.

Seldom has the tie of parental affection been severed under circumstances more deeply afflictive, than in the sudden death of this truly interesting child. Not two days before his decease, his father returned to his family, from an absence of months, full of hope and that anxiety which former bereavements had taught him to feel for his surviving children. Happily, his hope was realized, and his anxiety relieved, on finding them apparently in the most perfect health. The heart of John then beating with joy, his blooming cheeks were at once raised to receive a father's token of love and affection. But, alas! in a little more than twenty-four hours these blooming cheeks had assumed the pale and gloomy visage of death.

The occurrence of death is always mournful; but in the present instance, it brings more than ordinary grief to the afflicted friends of the deceased, inasmuch as he was a boy of uncommon promise, and on whom they had placed the highest hopes, and the fondest expectations. With a heart fraught with the tenderest affections, and with a disposition the most generous and amiable, were combined, in the richest profusion, the fruits of a religious education. He was early and constantly instructed in the principles of that compassionate Saviour, who suffers little children to come unto him; and the lively interest which he always expressed in the acquisition of religious knowledge, as well as the salutary restraint which its suggestions would often exert upon his mirth—which was naturally excessive—clearly evinced that notwithstanding his untimely death, he had yet so numbered his days, as to apply his heart unto wisdom. He often expressed his intention to be a clergyman, which was not merely a puerile predilection, but the result of that bias which he had received from early education, and the promptings of a pious heart. With this view he took the most exquisite pleasure in the study of the Hebrew language, which he had been told was essential to the clerical profession. With such ardor had he prosecuted this study, that before his death he had read with accuracy, above fifty chapters, and was able merely with the aid of grammar and lexicon, to translate and parse the original, with the elegance of an accomplished Hebrew scholar. In the Greek he had also made correspondent advancement; and in all his studies and observations, he developed a mental capacity that often excited the wonder, that "if such be the bud, what will be the blossom?" But alas!

"A rose too frail, too form'd for love
To bear misfortune's cruel blast;
He sank at once;—'twas instant past,
And the fair flower now blooms above!"

[*Communicated.*]

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—The Rev. Chauncey Colton has resigned the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Rochester.

The Rev. R. Salmon has removed from Genesee county to Watertown, Jefferson county.

The Rev. William Norwood, a member of the last class which graduated at the General Theological Seminary of our Church, from North Carolina, has engaged as Missionary of the Society in that diocese, in the counties of Bertie and Northampton.

BISHOP BOWEN.—Among the passengers in the ship Lady Rowena, which arrived at Charleston, S. C., on the 11th instant, having sailed from Liverpool on the 12th of October, were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bowen, and the Rev. P. Trapier.

SUMMARY.

Swords' Pocket Almanac, for 1832.—This valuable little manual, for its accuracy, as well as long precedence and right of possession, is entitled to be considered as *the* Ecclesiastical Almanac of the Church. It has become a sort of *vade-mecum,* quite indispensable for all who have occasion to refer to the address of the Bishops and Clergy, the seasons of the Christian Year, Meetings of Convention, Standing Committees, and all other kindred information respecting our Episcopal institutions and statistics. No clergyman, at least, can conveniently be without it; as we have often found by experience, when our copy happened for the time to be out of our reach.

The *Churchman's Almanac,* for domestic and common use, is exactly what it professes to be, and has this advantage, that every family that can afford to buy *any* almanac, can afford to purchase this. At a time, when almanacs of very catholic pretensions, are industriously turned into vehicles for the circulation of sectarian sentiments, it is well for the Churchman to possess himself of one which he can emphatically call *his own.*

Communicant's Companion.—This is a beautiful little volume of 54 pages, from the Protestant Episcopal Press, bound in black, with gilt edges. It is a most welcome and seasonable gift, containing the sublime Communion Service of our Church, accompanied with such devotional exercises, and directions, as are calculated to invest this "pleasant feast of Remembrance," with its proper delightful associations. Those who would make spiritual joy their companion to the altar, will be sure to find comfort and edification in the brief, but satisfactory suggestions here presented.

Whately on St. Paul.—An American edition of Dr. Whately's masterly Essays, on the difficulties of St. Paul's Epistles, has been published by the Rev. Mr. Whittingham, of New-York, entirely at his own risk and expense. Its typographical execution is in the best style of the Protestant Episcopal Press. Its price is brought within the compass of every Clergyman's means, and we hope will insure for it such a circulation, as shall not only indemnify the editor, but encourage a continuance of similar reprints.—*Banner of the Church.*

Latest from Greece.—A letter published in the last Boston Recorder, from the Rev. Mr. Brewer, dated Smyrna, Oct. 5th, states that the Rev. Mr. Hill was then on a visit at that place. Respecting our Missionaries at Athens, Mr. Brewer remarks, that Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Robertson have 160 Greek girls in their school, and that our brethren are going forward with much judgment and efficiency in the publication of school books.—*Episc. Watchm.*

City Missions.—Our brother of the "Churchman" is "fain to believe" that the movement for a "Missionary Chapel" in this city, "was provoked" by the New-York "City Mission." We have, in very deed, felt ourselves strongly provoked to greater diligence in this, which is emphatically the cause of "love and good works," by the spirit and zeal with which our brethren in New-York have pursued the same noble object. In point of time, however, the precedence is with us. Our "Domestic Missionary" has more than half completed his *third* annual round of pious and assiduous charity; and the "Missionary Chapel," growing out of his appointment, was proposed by the "Executive Committe" at a public meeting held in this city, *prior* to that most praiseworthy enterprise, which has resulted in the "Mission-Church of the Holy Evangelists."—*Banner of the Church.*

Religious Instruction of Slaves.—A meeting has been held in St. Luke's parish, S. C., on the subject of the religious instruction of their slaves. There are more than 6,000 in the parish, who are upwards of ten years old, and not more than one-sixth can attend public worship. The three settled clergymen are not sufficient for the white population. It is supposed that a payment of 25 cents on each negro capable of instruction, would furnish adequate preachers or catechists for the object. A committee was appointed to confer with committees from other parts of the parish, on the best mode of accomplishing the end in view.—*Episcopal Watchman.*

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

THE Introductory Missionary Lecture, lately delivered by the Rev. G. W. Doane, at Boston, and by him published *for the benefit of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society,* is for sale at the Press.

Dec. 24, 1831.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Treasurer of the New-York Protestant Episcopal City-Mission Society, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:—

Donation from Peter A. Jay, Esq., by the Rev. William Richmond, - - - - - -	$50 00
Collection at St. John's Chapel, Sunday, Dec. 4,	72 00
" " Mission Church, - - - - - -	8 05
One annual subscription of five dollars, - - -	5 00
Two annual subscriptions of two dollars, - -	4 00
One annual subscription of one dollar, - - -	1 00
Five annual subscriptions of one dollar from members of St. Michael's and St. James's Churches, - - - - - - - - - - - -	5 00
A donation from J. G. of two dollars, - - -	2 00
From John Rogers, Esq., to constitute himself a life member, - - - - - - - - - - -	15 00
	$162 05

J. A. PERRY, *Treasurer,*
Dec. 29. No. 33 Wall street.

Subscriptions and donations will be received by the Treasurer at his office, No. 33 Wall-street, or at his residence, No. 406 Greenwich-street.

Received from Mrs. Baker, of Old Point Comfort, Va., constituting her an annual subscriber to the New-York Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, $1 00

Also, from Mrs. Green, of the same place, - - 1 00

In order to save to the Society the expence of collecting, the Treasurer respectfully requests that the subscribers will leave their dues for the present year with him at the Press, No. 46 Lumber-street; where new subscriptions will be thankfully received.

THOMAS BROWNING, *Treasurer*
of the New-York Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.

Letters have been received at the N. Y. Prot. Episcopal Press, during the week ending December 29th, from the following persons, viz:—

O. Steele—Rev. H. Gregory—Rev. G. H. Norton—J. F. Shores—L. H. Young—Rev. Wm. Norwood—Rev. S. Johnson—D. Matton—H. E. Rochester, received November 12th, $3—H. E. Rochester—Rev. B. Glover—Rev. Wm. H. Lewis—E. Platt—Samuel Whitehouse—J. B. Wallace, $5.

Packages have been sent from the N. Y. Prot. Episcopal Press, during the week ending December 29th, to the following persons, viz:—

Rev. W. D. Cairnes, Wilmington, N. C., one parcel, per schooner New-York—Rev. George Weller, Nashville, Tennessee, care of J. G. Washington, New Orleans, one box—George Rowland, Norfolk, per schooner Increase, one parcel.

Rev. Edward Neufville, Savannah, one parcel, per schooner Georgia—Latimer & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., one parcel, per Union Line—Rev. A. Gibbs, Charleston, one parcel, per brig Baltic—L. H. Young & S. Babcock, New-Haven, one parcel, per schooner Imperial—Stimpson & Clapp, Boston, one parcel, per schooner Tremont.

N. Y. P. E. CITY-MISSION SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers will be held on Tuesday evening, January 3d, 1832, at 7 o'clock, at the committee-room of the Mission Church of the Holy Evangelists.

The Rector and Delegates from each parish will be expected to report the progress made in obtaining life and annual subscriptions, and the collection of funds.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WM. R. WADSWORTH, Assistant Sec'y.
Thursday, Dec. 29, 1831.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,

No. 76 *Varick-street.*

REV. JOHN W. CURTIS, A. M., *Principal.*

THE following course of study, adopted in this Institution, is intended to comprise a thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek Classics, the Mathematics, both pure and mixed, Polite Literature, and the ordinary English branches:—

Latin and Greek Classics,
Geometry and Algebra,
Trigonometry and Conic Sections,
Mensuration and Surveying,
Navigation,
Natural Philosophy, Astronomy,
Logic, Moral Philosophy,
Evidences of Christianity,
Rhetoric and Belles Lettres,
Composition and Elocution,
Geography and Chronology,
History and Mythology,
English Grammar,
Arithmetic,
Book-keeping,
Reading and Writing.

Terms.

For Classical scholars, including all the above branches, per quarter, - - - - - - -	$10 00
English Scholars, - - - - - -	6 00
Instruction will be provided in the modern languages, and the French department is under the care of an experienced teacher, a native of France, at - - - - - - - - - -	5 00

The English department, including those branches especially necessary for the counting room, is under the charge of a gentleman whose personal experience in business renders him in the highest degree competent to impart efficient instruction.

The Institution being endowed, the Principal can, with confidence, direct the attention of the public to the reasonableness of its charges, when compared with its advantages. It is under the care and supervision of the following gentemen, composing the

Board of Trustees:

Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D.D., *President;*
Rev. Thomas Lyell, D. D., *Vice-President.*
Rev. William Berrian, D. D.,
Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D.;
Rev. James Milnor, D. D.,
Rev. William Creighton, D.D.,
Rev. John F. Schroeder,
Rev. John M'Vickar, D. D.,
Rev. Lewis P. Bayard,
Rev. Wm. R. Whittingham.
Rev. Henry Anthon,
Henry Rogers,
Duncan P. Campbell,
Thomas L. Ogden,
William Johnson,
John Stearns, M. D.,
Murray Hoffman,
David Hadden
Henry Laight.
Hubert Van Wagenen.

The Institution occupies the front of a large and commodious building in Varick-street, and is entirely distinct from the Public Schools, which have entrances upon the adjoining streets. The pupils have the advantage of a play ground and gymnasium, which have no communication with the street; and may thus enjoy that recreation, [illegible] the eye of their teachers. The year is divided into four terms of three months each, commencing the 1st of September, and terminating the 31st July.

Application may be made to the Principal, at the Institution, between the hours of 8 and 4, daily.

Dec. 10, 1831.

SELECT CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL,

Opened on the 1st of Sept. 1831, *at* 41 *Courtlandt-street.*

Rev. R. TOWNSEND HUDDART, Master.

This establishment, the plan of which has met with the decided approbation of those whose children have been intrusted to Mr. Huddart's care, is respectfully submitted to the attention of Parents about to select a School. A Prospectus containing full particulars of the system adopted, terms, &c. &c., may be had on application at the School, between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock.

☞ Mr. Huddart will receive a limited number of young gentlemen (not exceeding six) as boarders into his family, who will be treated with the same parental care as his own children, and enjoy all the comforts of a private home with the advantages of a public school. Further information may be obtained by applying as above. [Dec. 24 3t

CHURCH FOR SALE,

in Orchard-street.

That substantial and well built brick Church, in Orchard-street, a few doors above Broome-street, in the city of New-York. This church is built of the best materials and in the most faithful and substantial manner. The basement story is built high above ground, and contains a large Session Room, and two large School Rooms. The foundation walls are two feet and a half thick, and laid three feet below the floor. The front is stuccoed, and the pediment supported on columns. A large portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE W. GILES, 173 Canal-street, in the city of New-York. 40 Dec. 24. 2t

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN preparing for the ministry, wishes to give lessons in the languages, or the higher branches of English, in some Episcopal School or private families, as the only means of enabling him to continue his studies.

A note addressed to V. and left at this office, will receive immediate notice.

Dec. 29, 1831.

PEWS IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

The subscribers will offer for sale on *Thursday* next, at 4 o'clock, the Pews remaining unsold.

M. HOFFMAN & SONS.
Dec. 31, 1831.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACTS.

No. 52. Scougal's Life of GOD in the Soul of Man. 50 *pages.*
No. 53. On Hearing *the Word.* 14 *pages.*
No. 54. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. 22 *pages.*
No. 55. The Novice. 26 *pages.*

Just published, and for sale at the Press Depository, No. 46 Lumber-street.

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* The explanation of the supposed delay is simple and intelligible. Orders received at the Press are promptly executed. Works have, however, heretofore been advertised for months before their appearance, on the covers of our periodicals as in press. Their publication has been unexpectedly and unavoidably delayed,—and orders sent in the expectation of the work's being on sale, have, of course, remained for months unexecuted.

Imperfect in original

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down.—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 8. Compare *Joshua* x. 13.

'Tis true, of old the unchanging sun
His daily course refused to run,
The pale moon hurrying to the west,
Paused at a mortal's call, to aid
The avenging storm of war, that laid
Seven guilty realms at once on earth's defiled breast.

But can it be one suppliant tear
Should stay the ever-moving sphere?
A sick man's lowly breathed sigh,
When from the world he turns away,*
And hides his weary eyes to pray,
Should change your mystic dance, ye wanderers of the sky?

We too, O LORD, would fain command
As then, thy wonder-working hand,
And backward force the waves of time,
That now so swift and silent bear
Our restless bark from year to year;
Help us to pause and mourn to Thee our tale of crime.

Bright hopes, that erst the bosom warm'd,
And vows, too pure to be perform'd,
And prayers, blown wild by gales of care,—
These, and such faint half-waking dreams,
Like stormy lights on mountain streams,
Wavering and broken all, across the conscience glare.

How shall we 'scape the o'erwhelming past?
Can spirits broken, joys o'ercast,
And eyes that never more may smile:—
Can these the avenging bolt delay,
Or win us back one little day
The bitterness of death to soften and beguile?

Father and lover of our souls!
Though darkly round thine anger rolls,
Thy sunshine smiles beneath the gloom;
Thou seek'st to warn us, not confound,
Thy showers would pierce the harden'd ground,
And win it to give out its brightness and perfume.

Thou smil'st on us in wrath, and we,
Even in remorse would smile on Thee;
The tears that bathe our offer'd hearts,
We would not have them stain'd and dim,
But dropp'd from wings of seraphim,
All glowing with the light accepted love imparts.

Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay:
Power cannot change them, but love may;
What cannot be, love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where faith is fix'd and true,
Through shades of setting life can see heaven's work begun.

O Thou, who keep'st the key of love,
Open thy fount, eternal dove,
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with thee,
Till, in one blaze of charity,
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light divine;

Till, as each moment wafts us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breathed hope of joys above,
By every sacred sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by Love.

KEBLE.

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*And Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the LORD.

TALES OF REAL LIFE.

THE CLIMBING BOY.

MR. EDITOR,—I cannot but consider, that the times in which we live, are better than those of our forefathers: mind is more on the stretch—humanity is more considerate—charity takes a wider flight—the devil's strong holds are more frequently assaulted—and why? because the Gospel is more freely and truly preached, and because the blessed word of GOD, having a freer course, and being more magnified, has more thoroughly furnished its readers for every good work. In no respect is the change more observable, than in the effect produced on the female character. Our aunts, our sisters, and cousins, though not so expert in the craft of pie-making, the mysteries of the housekeeper's room, and the gastronomic lore of Mrs. Glass, are now alive to other pursuits, are bent on other studies; and Christian usefulness calls now her many votaries to those charities, those feelings, those emotions, which, springing from true and undefiled religion, are so comely in all, but which cast such a halo of grace and loveliness around the female character. I think I have seldom seen a more touching instance of the fervid and contagious interest which a woman *can* feel and *can* communicate, than what occurred in my own parlor a few days ago; which on entering, I found occupied by a lady of my acquaintance, and her little son, a boy of about five years of age. I could at once observe, that the expressive features, clear eyes, and bland forehead of my female friend, were lit up with some unusual glow, and that her mind was irradiating under some strong excitement; and you may be sure I was not long kept in suspense as to the [illegible] vivid presence. "Oh! dear Mr. ———, have you not some influence with the Editors of the *Christian Examiner*,—indeed I know you have, for we would not find so many papers of yours in that valuable periodical, had you not some weight with its conductors. Now, dear good sir, you must give me the use of your pen,—your genius must be the slave of my lamp or my ring, and I must compel it to a task in the *Christian Examiner*, there to aid in putting down that big, odious, black, heart-revolting mischief so much practised in the city of Dublin—the use of climbing boys in sweeping chimneys. I wonder how ladies can lie on their beds of a morning, and hear the poor little beings crying as they go naked through the streets, under the chill of a bitter winter's twilight. I wonder how mothers can go into their nursery at such an hour as this, and see their own happy little ones, slumbering in all the comfort of well-secured repose, and yet can steel their hearts against the cry of little creatures abroad upon the streets, whining out with miserable treble—sweep!—sweep! Oh, sir, only think of it, when every voice is raised against negro slavery,—when petitions are pouring in on Parliament from every corner of the British Isles, against this unrighteous practice,—when every warm heart is indignant at the kidnapping of black children, against the tearing of little sable innocents from a mother's bosom, to sell them, and send them to suffer, and perish, and bleed, under their task-master's lash, on the wo-begone sugar-fields of Jamaica! What shall we say, and how shall we be silent, concerning as infamous, as degrading, as deadly a traffic that is going on in our own city—where our lovely Irish children are turned into blacks, forced on a slavery more abhorrent, consigned to a lash oftener inflicted, subjected to diseases more loathsome, more wasting, more deadly, than any West India negro. Oh, think you, sir, of such a boy as this;" and she caught up her fine little fellow, who was sporting round the room. "Oh, imagine such a laughing, lovely angel as this, torn from my arms when living, or carried from my coffin when dead, and sent up the mouth of yonder chimney; conceive you such a baby's tender feet, burnt and blistered by the hot soot,—suppose him, in spite of his cries and entreaties, thrust up the suffocating funnel,—imagine him there panting for breath, sliding down and lifting up his little supplicating hands for pity, imploring not to be sent up again; and suppose him driven up by the lashes of the heartless, mercenary ruffian, that calls himself his master,—and oh, suppose he fastens in the flue, as children have done, crying there for help; and the villain below neither can or will give him any,—he lingers there,—the cry becomes fainter,—the master's patience is exhausted,—the monster (as such have often been known to do,) lights a fire of straw, in order to dislodge him,—and down he comes, a black and burned mass of lifeless flesh."

I have seldom seen a woman so excited as my friend was at this picture, drawn by her strong imagination. She paused for a while, as if overcome, but again took up the boy, and exclaimed, "Oh! my Johnny, I could not love you so much, I could not be so thankful to a good GOD for giving you to me, and daily preserving you in life and loveliness: I dare not pray to him to continue you as my best blessing here below, did I not feel, and did not my spirit stir within me at the thoughts of such as you being submitted to such barbarity. Let, then, other mothers, if they can, or dare, coil the cord of selfishness round their own family enjoyments, and say in their hearts, neither I or mine shall ever see want, and what care we for others. But oh! ye to whom CHRIST is dear,—ye who feel with JESUS, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;"—Christian women—sisters, mothers, will you suffer the little children of Dublin to be kept from CHRIST, kept in a cruel slavery, which ought to be too severe for a dog in a Christian metropolis like this." My friend here paused, and, as was indeed necessary for her, took breath: but after a few minutes, fearing perhaps she had not made me sufficiently a convert—had not enlisted me *altogether* in her cause, she took up a new position. "Listen to me, my dear friend—I must tell you what I witnessed, and what happened to me not many days ago. You know I sometimes go to verify the truth of statements made by applicants for relief to the 'Stranger's Friend Society.' You know I do not fear going down lanes and up into garrets, when it is necessary to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. On business of this sort I was employed the other day, and entered into the shop of a pawn-broker, to inquire of him concerning a widow, who reported herself to be resident in the upper story of the same building. While asking him some questions, a woman came in and produced a small bundle from under her cloak: not satisfied as to the information I wanted to obtain, and still not wishing to interrupt the man in his customary business, I stood aside until the affair was concluded, and overheard the following conversation in the way of trade. The woman was one of a class but too common in this city—an object of squalid poverty, because a victim of habitual intemperance, with a tall lank bony form; she was one, who amid all her squalidness, exhibited features that once were handsome,—but the sallow skin, the sunken cheek, the maudlin eye,—the vice-degraded cast of her whole air, attitude, and expression proved, that no earth-born creature can assimilate so much with a fallen angel, as a fallen WOMAN. The pawn-broker himself, with his tall, spare, miserly form, his cold adust parchment-complexion, his grey, suspicious, heartless eye, the very personification of a spider, where the dusty rags that were around him in the shape of pledges, represented dirty cobwebs, and the customers the hapless flies, whose sucked blood was his daily food. Altogether, such a place, such a pair, might well befit a Cruikshank, a Hogarth to paint, or a Crabbe to describe. The woman, in words that faltered from habitual intoxication, tendered a gown to pawn, and demanded three shillings on the pledge; to which the broker replied with a knowing and practised sneer, 'Ah, then, Mrs. Cooney, you must thinks uz all out soft, this blessed morning, for to go and hand out hard money from the till, on such a rag as that. No, honest woman, go sell your duds in the cross poddle, or go home, and go sleep, which is better nor that, avick; and when you are sensible how honest men dale in dacent houses, and want to get any of Dinnis Murphy's money, bring something genteeler nor this, to coax him out of his cash.' With this he threw the miserable garment on the counter, and put his hands with infinite complacency in his waistcoat pockets.

"But this refusal did not daunt the applicant; it is likely that many such rebuffs and schemes for depreciating the pawns that came to him, Mrs. Cooney was accustomed to, so she rejoined:

"'Indeed, Mr. Murphy, if you knew but the ins and outs of the concarn, you would not refuse: and why should I stop on the poddle, or where should I go, baring to the likes of yourself, *dacent* and genteel; not a broker in Dublin desarves to have his three balls turned into three great estates; for it's you that knows how to be safe to yourself, and good to the people; aye, and GOD loves you, and the priest loves you, and its yourself that never wor behind in paying the Cathlic rint, and the tribute to Counsellor O'Connell, and may be it's your own self that does'nt love to disappoint heretics; and now the heavens bless your store, and may all the saints above look down on you every day you rise, and do give me the three shillings on the gownd—glory be your bed in bliss.'

"'Is it to be drinking away your honest man's substance, and taking half-a-pint for your *morning*, when, like a civilized woman, you ought to contint with a glass, and after that a cup o' *ta*; that I am to hand you out my money? No, no, Mrs. Cooney; go home, honest woman, for I'd have you to know I have a conscience—or else, for why would I be houlder of the plate at the Carmelite chapel door. Yes, I'm one that *ought* to have a conscience, and not all as one as a Heathen and a Publican.'

"'Och, then, Mr. Murphy, isn't it I that knows as how you *are* a Carmelite, and a scapularian too; and it is, therefore, I am after coming to yees, and not to that swaggering, swearing runagate, Phil Dornin, there above in Meath-street; and you mistake me quite, I'm'nt in liquor, sorra taste stronger nor wather 'as crossed my lips this sweet morning. No, by no manner of manes, but it is Tim Cooney himself has sent me to yees. These summer days—the LORD send them soon over our heads—are trying times with us, and to make matters worse, we're badly off for boys; and yesterday, as luck would have it, we lit upon the refusal of the best bargain we have had for many a long day.'

"'What is that, Mrs. Cooney?—Glory be to Him above for all his blessings;—suppose Tim has got a new job, and suppose he wants to bribe some gentleman's sarvent to let him have a turn at the chimbleys.'

"'Ah, then, it's there you're out, cute as you are, Mister, Mister; better again nor that; for we have just struck hands for one of the finest childher ever I saw with my two born eyes; a fine, tall, stout, clane boy—not one of your lumpy, mutton-headed, ricketty cats we used to get long ago, long ago, from the nurses of the Fondling-hospital, that when they stuck in a flue, hadn't the gumpshin to wriggle themselves out—no, but a fine, light, supple chap, that will slither up a chimbley like an eel; the proper age, too—rising six, just the cut for the small flues; and the dear knows, Tim Cooney was bad enough off for the likes of him, ever since poor Neddy Lynch died in the hospital of that thieving cancer* they all are so apt to get when the sut gets into their sores, and the poor things rot off, till we have to bury them in Bully's Acre; and there's Tommy Smith, our other gossoon, he's grown all out so big, that he's only fit to scramble through a kitchen chimbley; and, to make bad worse, his shoulder is as raw as a griskin, ever since he stuck in the flue of that big house in Henrietta-street; 'twas well we ever got him down: and now it's with shear dint of whiskey, for bating is thrown away on him, that we can coax him to take up a scraper, and climb at all, at all.'

"'Well, and Mrs. Cooney, how much are you to give for your new boy? Blessed Virgin, and isn't it a pity that we haven't raal negurs here to do such dirty work! Myself never sees a Christhen boy get up into our chimbley, but I wish it was a thorough black, all the way from Jamaicy or Demerary, that was to do the job—only fit for a Heathen or a born black to perform.'

"'Och, then, it's we that got a bargain, down dog cheap—at the first offer but five shillings. Gusty Cassidy had to give a thirty shilling note for a chap tother day; and the crathur never could be got to take to the work, but pined away, crying on for ever until it died. Some said it was a gentleman's son, and recollected too much of its mother, but Gusty is too hard all out; he don't prime them with the spirits as I do; for, do you see me, Mr. Murphy, there's never a morning, when our boys are to go on a heavy job, but I gives them a piece of bread, with butter and treacle on it, too, to keep down the smack of the sut, and also lashings of whiskey—Och, it's too tinder I am! But where's the use of any more palaver—will you let me lay down the gownd for three shillings?—two more I've got at home, and I must bring about the bargain this day, or Christy Gallagher, who sweeps all the chimbleys about Capel-street, will have him; for the mother won't keep him any longer, but sell him she will to somebody, for she is on the tramp; and, indeed, Mr. Murphy, as you're a voteen, and a great man all out with the Carmelites, it's a wondher to me if you won't help me for the honor of the Church—my blessing be about you and it.'

"'Why, Mrs. Cooney?'

"'Why the child's father was a Protestan, and the mother is a good Cathlic; and the father, a slater, died of an unlucky blow he got from the combinathors, for daring to go for to work in town without a ticket of lave, for the trades hate coults, and more especially heretics in that way. So there was scarcely any one got to bury him; and the mother has one sickly daughter with a club foot, and with her she manes to beg the world and live upon the charity of Christhens, and this boy is too healthy, and he'd spoil all; and, besides, he has an aunt, a Protestan, who wants to get him, and the priest has been afther warning his mother, and bid her, on her apparel, not to give him up into heretics' hands. So the mother and I, who often meet at the corner shop of Meath-street to take our *morning*, have agreed about him, and she is to give him to us, provided we blacken him as fast as we can; for sure and sartin, said she, it's betther for him to be a black sweep in this world, than to be a black damned devil in the world to come,—the blessed Virgin be about us and save us from all such things: so now, Mr. Murphy, let us have the three shillings, if it was nothing else but to save the crathur from the bloody Methodist aunt, and good forthun attend you every day you open the shutthers of your shop.'

"'Well, Mrs. Cooney, since you say it's for a good and dacent purpose, and for the cause of snatching a poor sowl, as a body may say, from those thieving swaddlers—hard fortune attend them, they spoil our trade, as they do, with their Doorcase institutions, and what not—I don't matter throwing three shillings on your gownd, though I knows as well as can be, that I'll never get your duplicate on my file, and I must cant the pawn at a loss—no matter, GOD is good, and what's all the world to a man if he has no religion and charity!'

"Having listened to this dialogue, and seeing the woman depart with the silver, I immediately followed her, and so kept her in my view until she turned into one of those wretched alleys that lead off westward of Francis-street, where, ascending a filthy, broken stair-case, I saw her enter a garret room and close the door. I, in a few moments, knocked, and found her alone in a dreary apartment, that in all its keeping exhibited the extreme of squalid want and slattern carelessness, steaming with the smell of soot and of other mingled odors, and which formed altogether a scene which no place on earth could match out of Dublin, except, perhaps, Limerick, or Cork.

"The woman at once recognized me as the person she had seen in the pawn-broker's shop, and with no little surprise in the expression of her countenance, yet still with sufficient civility, said—'What's your business, ma'am, in my poor place?'

"'I should be sorry to intrude,' said I, 'but pray let me speak to you.'

"'Oh, no intrusion in life.' She looked for a stool, attempted to wipe the dust from it, and continued, 'Pray, mistress, sit down.'

"'Why, my good woman, I have just, as you might perceive, overheard your conversation with the pawn-broker, about buying that child. You say his father is dead, and his mother is unable to support him. You are, by your own confession, very poor. I am willing to buy this boy myself, and give you, for the good will of your bargain, as much as will enable you, some other way, to manage your business, and employ an accustomed boy, already trained—any thing, any thing, rather than make this child you have been speaking of, a chimney-sweep.'

"'Well, now, Mistress Thingumme—for sure you may be the man-in-the-moon's wife, for any thing I knows to the conthrary—isn't it all out hard for a poor body like me to have strangers tramping up into their rooms, spying out their business, and not laving dacent people to go about their consarns, without intherloping on one?' and then leering at me with her blood-shot maudlin eye—'May-be,' she sneered, 'you are one of them swaddlers that are now pesthering the city, groping their way into every garret to bother us with the Bible, make convarts, kidnap the childher, and send them to the divil's school, where they can larn nothing but the way to hell and heresy.'

"To this I replied, but not before I took out my purse, and held a bank note in my hand, when I said, 'My good woman, you are about to buy this child; I would buy him also. It cannot be more wrong for me to deal about him than for you; I am willing, I say, to give a good profit on your bargain. I have the will—you see I have the means also.'

"The woman, I saw, was caught by the sight of the bank note; her eye was kept constantly fixed on it, as I twisted it round my fingers. 'Will you give me *that* for myself, and the likes of it for Tim Cooney, my husband, if I hand you over the child?'

"'I will: it is a pound note—I have another in my purse, and it is at his service when I get the child.'

"'Well, and there is no talk to be about the thing, and no mortial sowl is to be a whit the wiser, and the child is to be sent out of this part of Dublin?'

"'Yes. I agree to all you say.'

"'Well; but is he to be made heretic?'

"'Why—no; but come, say whether you will hand me over the child?'

"'Well, come yourself, avick—he's yours any how; but the *two* notes—ay, and five shillings for the mother, over and above.'

"'Why, yes; here I have them also.'

"'Well, follow me, and in the turning of a hand he's yours. You're no sweep's wife, and that's my comfort *now;* if he does not carry Tim Cooney's scraper, he'll never brush down a bag of sut for Christy Gallagher, or any other of the trade. Come, Mistress, follow me. Have a care of the stairs, for they are cruel crazy. There—have a care of that dead rot, a-cushla—see, you'll be over this heap of ashes—bad manners to you, Katty Rooney, had you no place to throw your pratie skins and lavings, but on the very landing-place!'

"At all risks, I followed the woman down; and when at the door, she said—'Keep afther me at a distance, and when you see me turn with the boy in my hand out of Hanover-lane, come up, and cross my fist with the cash, and I will put the brat into yours, and mum's the word with us ever and a day afther.'

"I acted accordingly; and had not long to wait until the woman came out of the alley, leading a fine creature in her hand, whom she had bribed along with a bit of gingerbread. I asked the little fellow would he go with me, and he at once said he would. A jaunting-car was just passing by, into which we both got. The woman was handed the money; and with a cold, avaricious sneer, she wished me good luck; and so we parted, I trust for ever.

"The boy is now in my house, contented and happy, the very picture of *this* Johnny, only that his head is covered with dark curls, and his skin is so clear, his face so ruddy and so intelligent, that even were his immortal soul out of the question, it would have been a pity that so beautiful a boy should be consigned to such slavery. I now have him at our infant school; he is learning to know there is a good GOD; he has a surprising aptitude in acquiring all information. You know, my dear sir, I cannot afford to redeem captives at this rate; you know that it is strict self-denial that could enable me, out of very restricted means, to buy and to keep the dear fellow; but the grace of GOD that has taught me to pray, from my heart, in the words of our excellent Liturgy, that he would have pity on all prisoners and captives, has assured me that the good work I have begun will be attended with his aid and blessing; and I rest assured, that what I have done is as full and complete a redemption from captivity, as if I had gone to Barbary and bought up a Christian slave from the Moors, or if I had delivered a negro boy from under the lash of a cruel Jamaican overseer, and sent him back to his African village, to play and sing under its palm-trees, until the banks of the Senegal or Gambia resounded with his joy. I have now told my story. I hope, my dear friend, I have inoculated you with some of my ardor and anxiety concerning the condition and accursed slavery in which that portion of our population called climbing boys, is kept. It is idle to say that they are not slaves, and wretched ones too, because we sometimes see them laugh, and play marbles, and smile through their sooty masks, as they pass through our streets. Alas! also does not the negro laugh, and dance, and sing? and does not his very levity bespeak his mental degradation? For, had he sense, feeling, or expanded powers of thinking right, would not his lofty spirit tell him that it was treason against manhood to show any enjoyment of life, while on a level with the beast that perishes?"

Mr. Editor, in calling your attention, and that of your readers, to the state of the poor climbing boys of Dublin, I know not how I could have done better than by giving you, as well as my memory serves, the result of my conversation with my interesting friend. Whether you think it worth a place in your Magazine, I cannot tell. At all events, pray advocate the abolition of the mode of cleansing chimneys by means of climbing boys. It would be, indeed, a disgrace to the mechanic inventions of this speculative age, could not a very simple and cheaply efficient machinery be adopted, to answer the end in view, and overcome all present obstacles.

(Dublin) Christian Examiner.

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* There is a cancerous complaint peculiarly belonging to climbing boys, which is of the most loathsome character, and usually ends fatally.

SCRIPTURAL EXPOSITION.

I HAVE BOTH GLORIFIED MY NAME, AND WILL GLORIFY IT AGAIN.—*John* xii. 28.

THE FATHER said that he had "glorified his name" already. This had been done by the exciting causes and the nature of those anticipations respecting the "fulness of time," which had gladdened the earlier periods of the world. It had been done by the incarnation and birth of CHRIST, when angels uttered their songs. It had been done by the developments made in the personal ministry of the Redeemer as to the divine character, commandments, and designs. It had been done by the signs and wonders which accompanied his course—the healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, the exercise of high control over the cardinal elements of nature. Every act in the introduction of the new covenant, assisted to unveil the majesty of the Eternal, and diffuse his splendors, that from his intelligent universe might be rendered more reverent homage and more lofty praise; and it was in just review of the series of transactions past, he pronounced—"I *have* glorified" my name!

The FATHER said that he would "glorify his name again." This promise, the knowledge of which must always have given to the Messiah an ineffable delight, referred to the bestowal of all requisite support under his accumulated sorrows; and to the wonderful miracles by which his death was attended—the spreading of darkness at mid-day over all the land, the rending in twain of the temple-veil from the top to the bottom, the quaking of the earth, the rending of the rocks, the opening of the graves, and the coming forth of the bodies of the saints after his resurrection, who went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. It referred, also, to the influence of the Saviour's death itself; which, as regarded the glory of GOD, was arranged to be vast and permanent, and which we, living under the light of a perfected revelation, and after the lapse of ages, are able to survey in all the grandeur of its operation. By the finished work of CHRIST, the FATHER is glorified, because it effects a distinct and beautiful development of his nature, and manifests his attributes in their harmonized and perfect majesty. He is glorified, because by that work the infernal rebels against his authority received their defeat, and had their power shattered in preparation for their final doom. He is glorified, because by that work a provision of all-sufficient value is made for the pardon of our guilty race; and because, as the result of its efficacy, a system of spiritual instrumentality has been established and carried on, which applies to the hearts of sinners all the blessings of redemption, and which is to extend the honors of His name, and the reign of His grace, until He shall be praised from the rising to the going down of the sun, and until all flesh shall see his salvation. He is glorified, because by that work he secures and will accomplish "the end," when the hosts of ransomed sinners from the commencement to the end of time, and from every country and kindred of the earth, will be raised and brought before His throne for immortal happiness, and when from angels and men shall ascend the ascriptions of homage amidst celestial splendors—"Salvation unto our GOD which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb"—"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our GOD for ever and ever!"

Such was the comprehensive course of procedure arranged and promised as the effect of the propitiation of Calvary. From this, the undoubted purport of the FATHER's reply, how vast a field of contemplation is opened before us! Never did the voice from heaven announce tidings more sublime,—"I have glorified my name, and will glorify it again:"—words revealing the object of divine counsels from eternity; words involving the interests of all nations, the events of all ages, the decisions of judgment, and the destinies of immortality. What majesty now invests the theme of "CHRIST crucified," thus authoritative in its attestation, and thus wondrous in its range! O, to understand it more fully, and to prize it more highly! O, to appear at last in the beatific presence of JEHOVAH, to participate in the brighter disclosures of heaven, and to glorify him *ourselves* in the rapturous anthems of the redeemed!—PARSON'S *Sermons.*

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